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The India Report

By THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW

Broadcast on November 22

AS Chairman, I have been asked to speak to you about the Report of the Joint Select Committee appointed to consider the question of Indian Constitutional Reform which was published on November 21. The Report is a long and detailed document and I shall make, I think, the best use of my time if I talk to you about the principles on which it is based. The first 44 paragraphs deal with these principles, and I hope you may carefully read these when you come to study the Report.

Let me first give you a few facts which show how vast is the problem with which we have been dealing. The Indian sub-continent is rather more than one-and-a-half million square miles in area, that is to say, about twenty times as large as Great Britain. Its population now approaches 340,000,000 persons. Politically India is divided into British India, the area directly under British rule, and the Indian States. The States comprise about one-fourth of the whole population and rather less than half the total area. Many of them are governed by Princes who, although they are under the suzerainty of the Crown, are, within their own territory, independent rulers. Their inhabitants are not British subjects, and an Act of Parlia-

ment has no effect in relation to them unless by agreement between the Princes and the Crown.

In the first section of our Report you will find that the Committee lays stress upon certain fundamental factors in the Indian problem. They point out that this problem cannot be understood unless the reality of Indian political aspirations is frankly recognised and they are convinced that there exists a public opinion in India which it would be a profound error for Parliament to ignore. But responsible government is not an automatic device which can be manufactured to specification anywhere. It depends for its successful working on the existence of certain conditions which are as essential as they are difficult to define; and the Committee feel no doubt that if free play were given to the powerful forces, be they communal, racial or religious, which would be set in motion by an unqualified system of parliamentary government in India, the consequences would be disastrous to India and perhaps irreparable. They are satisfied that the grant of responsible government, if the grant is to be a reality, demands the presence of certain statutory safeguards. These in some form or other find a place in most constitutions, and no less in the constitution of our own country, though their existence here is often forgotten

because, with our long parliamentary tradition, the need for emphasising them has largely disappeared and because they are, for the most part, based on custom and convention and not on any statutory enactment. Safeguards of this kind are not only *not* inconsistent with *some* form of responsible government, but in the present circumstances of India they are in truth the necessary complement to *any* form of it, and without them it could have little hope of success. And lastly, I should like to add that it is in exact proportion as our Indian fellow-subjects show themselves to be capable of taking and exercising responsibility, and able to supply those elements in their political life which only experience can give, that both the need for safeguards and their use will, as in our own country, disappear.

The Committee have accordingly sought, for the reasons which I have just given, to strengthen the executive in India under the new constitution. They point out in a later part of their Report that our own country is a proof that a strong executive can co-exist even with an all-powerful parliament to which that executive is responsible, if certain conditions are fulfilled. These conditions do not yet exist in India, and our recommendations are designed to give the Indian executive all the powers necessary to enable it to discharge under existing circumstances the necessary functions of government, while the new Indian Legislatures and the politically minded class in India are learning the true significance of political responsibility and of parliamentary government.

Let me give you now a picture of the constitutional structure in India which would be established if the Committee's recommendations were put into force.

I take first the Provinces. The Government of a Province would consist of a Governor appointed by the Crown and a Ministry responsible to a Legislature chosen by an electorate amounting in the aggregate to about 14 per cent. of the population. The field of activity which would be controlled by the Ministers and the Legislature would comprise, if I may hazard a guess, not less than 90 per cent. of the matters that interest and affect the great mass of the population from day to day; the Government's policy in regard to education, health services, roads, agriculture, land laws, credit institutions, and the greater part of taxation, would be effective as far as approved by elected representatives. A number of matters such as defence, tariff policy, railways, posts, and income-tax would be the concern of the Central Government.

This differs from the existing system of Provincial Government in two respects. At present a large and important section of provincial matters is entrusted to responsible Ministers—for it is not generally realised that some degree of responsible government has been in operation in the Provinces for the past 14 years—but the rest of provincial administration, including Law and Order, is at present controlled by the Governor with the assistance of persons—some of them officials—who are *not* responsible to the Legislature. The second difference would be the freeing of the Provinces from control by the Central Government. At present the Central Government, and through it the Secretary of State for India, have power to supervise and control the Provincial Government in matters which are not in charge of responsible Ministers, *e.g.*, matters affecting the maintenance of Law and Order. This would no longer be the case under our proposals. You will see, then, that we are proposing 'provincial autonomy' and responsible self-government by Indians over a wide range of matters in provinces comparable in size and population with the countries of Europe.

To turn to the Central Government, you of course know that at present there are no representatives of the Indian States in the existing Central Legislature, and that the Central Executive—that is, the Governor-General and his Council—does not depend for its working upon the confidence of the Legislature.

The new Central Government would be a Federal

Government, exercising jurisdiction in the Indian States as well as in British India in respect of certain matters of common interest—for example, tariffs. But this jurisdiction of the Central Government can only extend to such States as are willing to enter the new Federation. The Princes have made one condition of their accession clear from the outset—they will not enter a Federation in which there is no responsible Government. If they are to entrust any of their interests to a new Federal Government, they have said that it must be possible for them to share its responsibilities and its authority; this is one of the reasons why the Joint Select Committee recommend that within a certain range the new Federal Government should be a Government responsible to a Legislature chosen partly by the States and partly by the Legislatures of the Provinces.

Another consideration that weighed with the Committee was that, in their view, the policy of the Central Government in the sphere of economics and taxation could not, with any prospect of smooth working, be controlled by an *irresponsible* Government whilst social and other policies, depending for their success upon central taxation, were entrusted to *responsible* Ministries in the Provinces.

But there are certain matters dealt with by the Central Government which the Committee felt could not yet be left to Ministers responsible to a Legislature. Accordingly, under our proposals, Defence and External Affairs would be administered by the Governor-General himself, and his Ministers would have no constitutional right to advise about them, much less to claim that their advice should be followed.

I now revert to the subject of safeguards, and as I have already said, their main purpose is to strengthen the Executive Government and thus to enable it, while the lessons of parliamentary government are being learned, adequately to perform its functions and to hold the scales evenly between conflicting, and it may be at times irreconcilable, interests. Only for this purpose and to this extent are they potential qualifications upon the responsible self-government which we propose. Very broadly described, the scheme of these safeguards is to give the Governor-General and the Provincial Governors full power to secure certain prescribed purposes, notwithstanding the advice of Ministers or the wishes of the Legislature. These safeguards cover a number of matters. I will give you one case only. On no matter, I know well, has greater doubt been felt in this country than on the transfer to the control of responsible Indian Ministers of the matters commonly described as Law and Order, which are at present controlled by the Provincial Governors independently of the Provincial Legislature. The Simon Commission, after very exhaustive examination, recommended that the transfer should be made, subject to certain conditions, and the Joint Select Committee have reached the same conclusion, subject to the safeguards to which I have referred.

Thus, the Committee's Report would place upon the Governor of every Province a personal responsibility for preventing threats to the peace and tranquillity of the Province and would empower him, if he thought that only thus could peace be secured, to dissent from, and indeed to over-rule, his Ministers' advice and secure that action was taken to meet the danger. He would also, in the same way, have power to prevent any tendency to deterioration in the organisation and discipline of the police forces upon which the public order depends.

To make provision for the danger arising from terrorist crime, we recommend that the Governor of a Province should be empowered to take into his own hands any branch of the administration ordinarily directed by Ministers, if he thinks it necessary for combating the terrorists.

To complete the story I should explain that the Governor, when he uses these special powers, or any

(Continued on page 917)

For and Against Modern Architecture

By SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD and A. D. CONNELL

Sir Reginald Blomfield

I UNDERSTAND we are here to talk about architecture, you as a modernist, I as a traditionalist, so the first thing I must do is to explain what I mean by traditionalist.

He is one who has no use for sudden breaks and catastrophes, but is intent on maintaining the continuity of art. He values not the letter but the spirit of the past, for he is no revivalist, and he will avail himself to the full of all the resources of modern science that suit his purpose. A traditionalist, as I understand him, is the only reasonable modernist, because he does not limit his art to the conceptions of his inner consciousness, and takes into account the wisdom of the past.

But there are modernists and modernists. One sort I have just suggested to you. The other sort—and I hope I am not mistaken in assuming this to be your position—deliberately turn their backs on the past, determined that what has been done once shall not be done again, and that everybody shall do what he likes in his own way. This movement had its origin in much loose thinking in France and Germany, it has spread like a plague to this country, and unless brought back to the straight and narrow path of sanity, it is likely to land the arts in bankruptcy, and the artist in the madhouse. In a little book published this year I attacked it under the name of *Modernismus*, and as I expected, this study was received by the modernists with howls of execration. Mr. Baty in *THE LISTENER*, and Mr. Boumphrey in the *Spectator* (names, by the way, rather suggestive of their critical attitude) had not a good word to say for it, and the young lions of the architectural press, with the honourable exception of the *Builder* and the *Carpenter and Builder*, were furious. I was represented as obstinate, prejudiced, a revivalist, a grave-digger, and I wonder they did not say 'body-snatcher' as well. But I gathered that some of my shots must have got home between wind and water, and that, like the Priests of Baal, the young men were reassuring themselves by loud cries that their idol was still unbroken.

In order to avoid confusion, I shall call these extremists not

'modernists', but 'modernismists'. Now, I will ask you to consider the theory of architecture on which they found their practice. It is based on three assumptions, which in my opinion are very dangerous fallacies. The first is, that anything which answers the purpose, for which it is made, is *ipso facto* beautiful. The second assumption is that nationalism is a thing of the past, that all art is to be cosmopolitan, and the individual is to disappear, lost in the collective action of innumerable and undifferentiated units. The third assumption

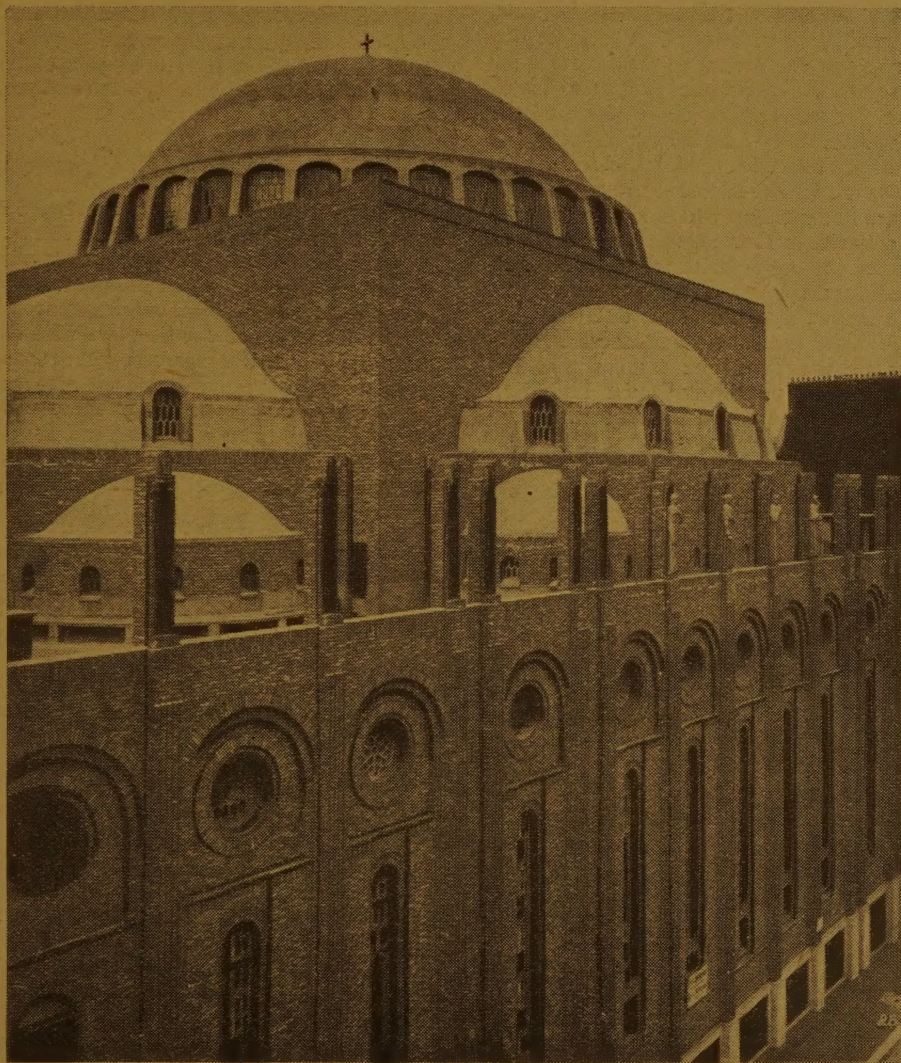
is that the restraints of reason and of common-sense can be swept away—anybody can do anything he likes in any way he likes, no matter whether the result is wholly unintelligible, because either he, or his friends, or the art-critic of the day, will be there to explain the hidden mystery.

Now take the first assumption, that efficiency equals beauty. It is quite obvious that a thing may be perfectly efficient for its purpose, yet exceedingly ugly—a sewer for example, or a pig-sty. Even a motor-car, admirably adapted as it is for racing through the country and killing people by the way, is not beautiful, unless by 'beauty' is meant something wholly different from what it has always been supposed to mean since the dawn of civilisation. This assumption

really means the abnegation of the whole idea of beauty. In future nothing will be either beautiful or ugly; the thing will just be there, rousing no emotion, calling for no comment. It is a blank and dreary outlook. Surely you would not say that this crude utilitarianism is a complete account of the art of architecture?

Let me say at once that we need not trouble our heads about specific styles, such as Gothic, or Classic, or the sixteenth century, or the eighteenth century, and so on. 'Style is the man'. Some people will always be impressive because they have got something to say that is worth saying, and know how to say it, and it is this, and this only, that constitutes style; quite a different thing from 'styles'.

Now in any building that can rank as architecture, I think you will agree with me that there are, broadly speaking, three essentials. First, the plan must meet the practical purposes for which the building is erected. Second, the building must be



Exterior of the Church of St. Esprit, Paris, designed by M. Paul Tournon

By courtesy of 'L'Architecture'

well built, no settlements in the walls, no cracks in the ceilings, no waste of material. So far, an experienced builder or a competent engineer would deal with the matter, but there is a third essential, and it is the presence or absence of this element that will decide whether a building is or is not a work of architecture, and that is the way in which its imaginative possibilities are realised and dealt with, whether in the result the building gives us the æsthetic satisfaction that is derived from subtle proportion, fine composition, the sensitive use of material, the exact adjustment of detail to its purpose. It is this third essential element that the modernist architects have either forgotten or ignored. They have sold the fort to the engineer and the builder, admirable men in their way, but not architects. So far has the process of abdication gone that it is even suggested that the materials used will dictate the design; reinforced concrete, for example. But in practice this theory has failed. You will recollect that the design of the famous Observatory at Potsdam was supposed to be inspired by reinforced concrete, but the supply of steel rods having failed, it was finished equally well in brick, and when it comes to covering in the walls of a steel-framed building with black plate-glass, the theory of inspired and inspiring materials becomes ridiculous. I regret to have to say it, but it seems to me that the real inspiration of these frantic experiments is a thirst for notoriety in the first instance, the desire to startle at all costs, followed up by the irresistible instinct of sheep to follow their leader. Moreover, many of these modernist buildings are not efficient; where is the efficiency of those tiers of solid concrete balconies, the latest trick of design? These balconies are just receptacles for rain and dirt, which can only be cleaned out through the rooms behind or on the heads of the people below, and they shut out the most valuable part of the light from the rooms underneath. Again where is the efficiency in the grotesque figures that are scattered about on the facades of modernist buildings, such for example as those seen on a recent important building in the west end of London? They are not pleasant to look at, they are irrelevant to the design and construction of the building, and they cost a lot of money, probably leading, later on, to a

mind, keenly sensitive, more far-seeing than the rest, gathering up into itself what many feel in a vague and uncertain way, but are unable to put into intelligible terms? For myself, I am for the hill on which I was born. One should learn on every hand, but I have no use for this cosmopolitanism, and this suppression of the individual artist, and I object not to modernism with which, in its drive for simplicity of statement I have every sympathy, but to modernism, because it repudiates the past and does away with all standards of values, and because it is based on fallacies that cut at the very root of art.

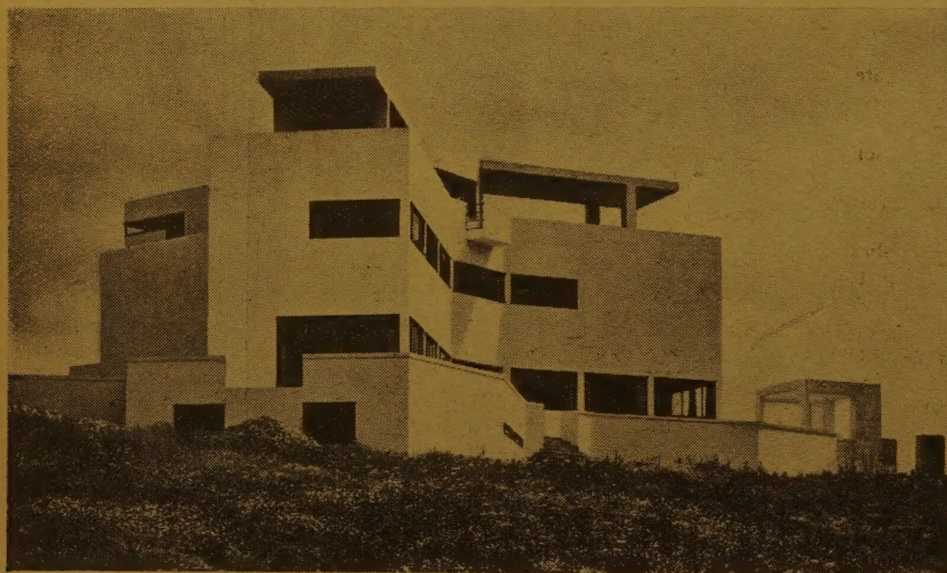
I hope, Mr. Connell, you won't mind this plain statement of a position held by many beside myself. It is now for you to go in and hit my bowling out of the ground. I will only send down one last ball, which I hope may prove a shooter. Over eighty years ago, Heine, most brilliant and sensitive of men, wrote these words in his 'Confessions'—'What disquiets me is the secret dread of the artist and scholar, who sees our whole modern civilisation, and the fruit of the noblest work of our ancestors, jeopardised by the triumph of communism'. Whether it is communism or not, modernism is a vicious movement which threatens that literature and art which is our last refuge from a world that is becoming more and more mechanised every day.

A. D. Connell

YOU HAVE ADMIRABLY DEMONSTRATED, Sir Reginald, the old truth that in a few minutes fallacies can be uttered which may take a lifetime to demolish. I cannot therefore hope to deal with all those contained in your statement. So let us take first your final point, as being typical of your approach to the problem of architecture. Some of our listeners who have used a match to light their after-dinner cigarette will probably recall that, only a few years ago, we feared to use the first matches, looking upon them as Lucifers, instruments of the devil. Now this was quite an irrational and instinctive fear, and I would suggest that you too are too instinctively frightened to participate fully in the inevitable progress of modern civilisation. You are afraid of the

present phase of evolution because you can neither understand nor use it. So you protect yourself with a philosophy which pretends that it does not exist. You have told us you dislike the machine, but what you really seem to dislike and fear is efficiency, and fear is the basis of your misunderstanding. I suggest that you look upon modern architecture with a vision distorted by fear, and that fear has trapped you into making absurd conjectures about what you call the assumption upon which the modern architect founds his practice, that it has prevented you from relating science in a rational way to the problem of human needs; and, further, this instinctive fear and inability to see clearly the evolution of modern architecture has led you to the familiar device of invoking prejudice—out comes your red herring, and you couple modern art with Bolshevism, Hitlerism, Communism and what not.

After this it may seem strange to you that I agree with you on one very important point, your definition of a modern architect. The modern creative artist does precisely aim at maintaining the continuity of art. He endeavours to use intelligently the accumulated experience of the past by understanding its spirit and trying to apply that to the changing conditions and the needs of society. Not like your self-styled traditionalist, who merely copies the letter. Would it surprise you to learn, or do you wilfully ignore, the fact that many of the most modern architects know almost as much about ancient architecture as you do? Thus the modern does not believe in sudden breaks and 'catastrophes', he believes that the process of development of art, as one of the expressions of this civilisation of ours, is a logical evolution (though I grant you that the nineteenth century was an unfortunate break in the tradition). He believes that architecture, as one of the many branches of human activity, changes its forms through the ages with the changing forms of society. It changes,



South front of a private residence designed by Messrs. Connell, Ward and Lucas

By courtesy of 'The Architect and Building News'

further expenditure on their total erasure. I ask you, why do our brilliant young modernists go out of their way to startle and annoy the peaceable man in the street? The painters with their visions of their own insides, and the sculptors with their shapeless lumps are bad enough, but one need not go to the galleries, whereas there is no escaping these terrible facades.

The second assumption which I mentioned is the claim that the art of the future is to be cosmopolitan. The race, the nation, and the individual, are to have in it no place at all. Art is to be standardised, so that, in the words of the late Herr Cohen-Portheim, 'In twenty years there will be one style of architecture compulsory for the whole of Europe'. This is Hitlerism or Bolshevism in excelsis—strangling literature and the arts. Yet what is it that we look for in works of art and literature? Is it mass production that 'servile mass mentality' which, as General Smuts said at St. Andrews, is 'the greatest human menace of our time'? Is it not rather the individual message of one rare

too, with the progress of science—the acquisition of new materials—new methods of production and construction. Therefore he does not, and I even suspect that you do not, refuse to ride in a motor-bus because it is not drawn by horses: nor does he try to design it as an imitation stage-coach. So where we do part company is in the translation of these beliefs into architectural forms.

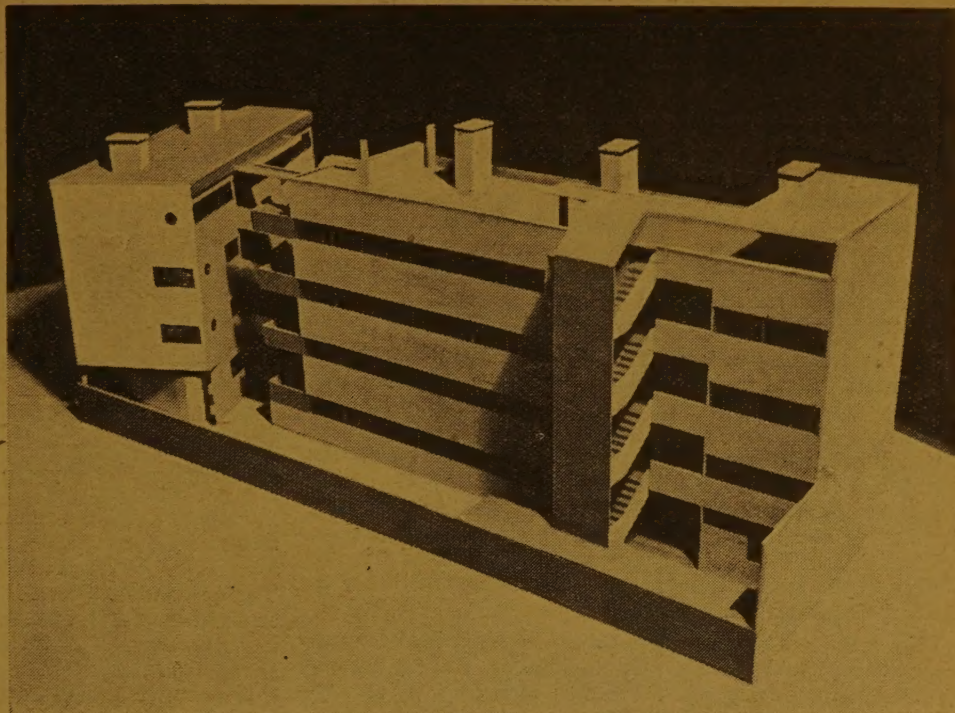
I suggest to our listeners that your definition of the aims of modern architecture is not only arbitrary but false. And though you would no doubt like me to accept your definition in order that you might then proceed to demolish it, I do not myself as a modern architect maintain that anything which serves its purpose is *ipso facto* beautiful, and I do not think that you will find that many other architects do. They believe rather that, in general, the greater the efficiency the better the design. Or, if I may put it another way, an architect who is functioning as an architect should have as his aim perfect efficiency. But as he works towards this aim, under its discipline, the desire for beauty which is part of the make-up of every human being, finds its expression; and he creates a beauty which has grown naturally out of the practical task that he set himself to do. Whatever you may say about sewers and pig-sties—and I may remind you that one of the greatest architectural engravings is of the great sewer in Rome—the modern man does get æsthetic pleasure from the most highly specialised forms of efficiency, such as a modern locomotive, a de Havilland Comet plane, the *Blue Bird* motor-car, the new liner *Queen Mary*, and no less from a highly efficient modern house, built with modern materials: that is really all there is to it. He finds in them the beauty that arises from the elimination of everything that is not essential.

And, by the way, what I have said in no way 'sells the fort' as you rather ingenuously put it, 'to the engineers and builders'. If they interpret the acquired wisdom of the past in a more reasonable way than the architect, then let us call ourselves engineers, for it is obviously immaterial what label we apply to something that is well done. The modern architect, rather than limit his function to dressing up buildings in fancy dress, has expanded it and now co-ordinates his own activities with those of the scientist, the engineer, and the manufacturer. They are allies, not enemies. And because a few of the architects of today are, consciously or unconsciously, traitors to the spirit of our age, that does not damn modern architecture as a whole. You get charlatans in every movement.

Now, Sir Reginald, I cannot understand your contention that modern architecture ought not to be cosmopolitan, nor why cosmopolitanism should exclude the possibility of individualism in art. Would you accuse people of cosmopolitanism and lack of national character if they used the invention of a Swiss doctor in combating disease? Or will a piece of Bradford cloth cease to be English because the dye for its colouring was invented by German scientists? Does not your own work directly evince the influence of French designers?—of the eighteenth century? What I am suggesting is that the modern architect is rightly cosmopolitan in so far as he is using the achievements of modern science and technical progress in various countries, and applying them to the needs and conditions of his own land. This cosmopolitanism, however, is—as was the cosmopolitan classicism of the eighteenth century—not an end in itself. It will lead inevitably, indeed it is already leading, for those who can see with unbiassed eyes, to an essentially national inflection of the idiom. Any schoolboy can pick out an English from a French or American motor-car or locomotive, just as any first-year architectural student can distinguish a German from an Italian eighteenth-century palace.

And just as national characteristics are not submerged by internationality, so, too, individuality cannot help emerging from even the simplest and most impersonal architectural forms.

You deplore at one moment that 'the individual is to disappear, lost in the collective action of innumerable and undifferentiated units' and at the very next you complain that 'anyone can do anything he likes in any way he likes'. I think I may leave your two arguments to answer each other, and simply



Block of working-class flats, designed for the St. Pancras House Improvement Society by Messrs. Connell, Ward and Lucas

emphasise that modern architecture is in the highest sense traditional because it is not content with repeating out-worn and vulgarised forms. It is concerned with the spirit, and from its understanding of the spirit of the past it is able to create, not superficial imitations in this or that style, but living successors in the true line of descent. For even if we grant, and I do grant freely, that antiquity has created forms which have a permanent value, why should that exclude the possibility of a new and unprecedented beauty yet to come?

You have said some hard things about modern architecture, chiefly, it is true, about architecture I should hardly describe as such: but no matter. Let me reinforce your vocabulary of invective by reminding you that though modern architecture is denounced as 'cultural Bolshevism' by the leaders of Nazi Germany, and is disdainfully dismissed by the leaders of Bolshevik Russia as 'the decadent capitalist style of West European bourgeoisie': yet, on the other hand, it has recently been adopted as the official Fascist style in Italy. In short, your appeals to prejudice amount to very little.

I admire you, Sir Reginald, for a loyalty to your native hill; 'home-keeping youth hath ever homely wit'; or, if you want something less cosmopolitan than Elizabethans, it was, I believe, Sancho Panza who greeted every fresh surprise in life with the remark 'I come from my own vineyard, I know nothing'. An honesty of incomprehension which he never sought to cloud with abuse of what was new.

Sir Reginald Replies

TAKING IT BY AND LARGE, your answer amounts to this, that I am panic-stricken and don't know what I am talking about, indeed, that I am a sort of Sancho Panza, without the humility and modesty of that honest man. But this is not argument and you must permit me to say that you are beating the air, not me. I have been waiting in vain for any conclusive answer to the views I have advanced. Some of these you have adopted yourself, others, with I am sure the best intentions, you have misrepresented.

You begin by representing me as terrified, even panic-stricken by modernism, but I am not in the least. I have thought a good deal about this movement for some years past, and have come to the conclusion that its manifestation in architecture is only one symptom of a disease which in recent years has been attacking literature and all the arts, and I have sufficient faith

in humanity to believe that in due course this disease will run itself out, and people will recover their senses. As to modernistic architecture, I have said repeatedly that there is this element of good in it, that it has wiped out meaningless detail, and has attempted to reduce architectural expression to the simplest possible terms; but I also say it has thrown overboard elements of essential value, it has thwarted ingrained and permanent instincts, and in the process of 'almost ultimate eliminations', to use your own terms, it has eliminated architecture.

Whether this movement is Hitlerism or Bolshevism, Fascism or Communism, is immaterial. Its ravages are worse in painting, sculpture, music, prose and verse than in architecture, because there must always be the restraint of fact in architecture, but the frantic things we see in our Galleries, the horrible noises that we hear on the wireless, the packing-case buildings that we see disfiguring the landscape, and the gratuitous eccentricities that disturb us in the streets, all spring from this insidious and dangerous germ.

You are evidently uneasy about the dogma that 'efficiency equals beauty', and this, if I may say so, is a sign of grace. Indeed you seem to throw up the sponge when you say that 'no modern architect of your acquaintance has ever suggested that anything which served its purpose was *ipso facto* beautiful'. Really, Mr. Connell! How about the writings of M. Corbusier and Herr Bruno Taut, the teaching of the Architectural Association, and the pronouncements of that enthusiast for 'efficiency', Mr. Frank Pick? 'Efficiency equals beauty' is the war-cry of the modernists, their one attempt in theory to justify their strange aberrations.

Then again, you accept my point that man never has been and never will be content with mere utilitarianism. You say bravely that man 'cannot escape his instinct to impart beauty to anything he makes', and that is exactly what I have been at particular pains to establish, both in my book and elsewhere, and it is because I am convinced of the truth of this that I am also convinced that modernism has taken the wrong turning in architecture, that it is defying instincts that cannot permanently be suppressed. It is not a mere question of substituting one style or manner of design for another, it is a question of the attitude of the artist towards his art. The modernist is endeavouring to establish a standpoint of his own invention which, if it were to prevail, would again mean 'the ultimate elimination of art'.

In regard to cosmopolitanism, you do not seem to have grasped my meaning. I was careful to point out that the traditionalist would, of course, avail himself of all the resources of applied science that suit his purpose, whether they were the discoveries of a Frenchman or German or anyone else; but that is not the cosmopolitanism to which I referred. The danger to

which I call attention is the standardisation of building, its reduction to one type, so that, as Herr Portheim said, wherever we went we should find 'one style of architecture compulsory in the whole of Europe'. Surely under these conditions the individual would be swamped in the universal flood. This is not contradicted by what I said elsewhere 'that anyone can do anything he likes in any way he likes', because in this I was referring to an entirely different matter, namely, that when there is no standard of values, no accepted technique, no rules and no referee, there is nothing to prevent anyone from standing on his head and saying 'What a good boy am I!'

I am unable to follow you when you claim for modernism that it 'draws vital sustenance from the living unstylistic spirit of tradition'. That is what it ought to do, but in my opinion it not only fails to do, but declines to make any efforts to do, because it has clamourously insisted that it has done with the past and all its ways. Do you really think that the architects of the Parthenon, the Pantheon, St. Sophia, St. Peter's in Rome or St. Paul's in London approached their problems from the point of view from which a modernist would approach his—would they have been content to provide so many covered-in areas with no thought beyond immediate efficiency?

You have asked me to indicate what sort of modernism I do like. I will give you an instance, the great Church of St. Esprit on a difficult site in Paris, designed by M. Paul Tournon, and not yet completed. M. Tournon has followed the motive of St. Sophia, still the finest church in existence, a vast central dome with shallow aisles and exhedrae at the ends. The result is admirable, both for liturgical efficiency and architectural effect. The outer walls are all in brick, the whole of the rest is constructed in reinforced concrete and could not be constructed in any other way. Here you have exactly what a modernist building should be. It makes skilful use of the latest resources of building, it is perfectly efficient, and yet there is in it a hint, an echo of that older music which I want to find in the work of our modernists.

No, Mr. Connell, I fear there is a wide gulf still between us; and I regret this the more, because, as I was careful to point out in my little book, there is abundant evidence of ability in the younger generation, and quite apart from this I believe that better work on reasonable lines is being quietly done in this country than in any country in the world. But this work is not that of modernism, and it is not revivalism, it is work that moves steadily forward on lines laid down long ago—that deals with the problems of the present without forgetting that we are the heirs of a great historic past. What I hope is, that our young men will think again and turn before it is too late, and I commend to their attention that famous saying of Lord Bacon, 'It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of Time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived'.

Causes of War

Hawking War Wares

By G. D. H. COLE

LAST week Mr. Winston Churchill began by insisting that people dwelt far too much on the horrors of war and ended by dwelling on those horrors himself. If I have nothing to say to you about war's horrors here, it is not because I am unconscious of them, but because there is a different aspect of the situation which I wish to discuss. Nor do I propose to attempt to speak at all generally about the causes of war. I believe that those causes are manifold, but that they lie today, more than anywhere else, in the economic and imperialist rivalries which are inevitably stirred up by our present economic system. Here we have in every country an immense power to produce coinciding with a low standard of living because we cannot find means of distributing for consumption the great wealth which the advance of science has placed at our command. We are all trying one against another to find outlets for our surplus goods in foreign markets. We are all scrambling for concessions, for territory, for stores of raw materials in the less developed parts of the world. Each national economic group glares at each other across the national frontier, under the mistaken impression that prosperity for itself can be secured only by snatching something from its neighbour. Wars can arise out of non-

economic causes, and sometimes do; but the danger of great wars in modern times comes, I am sure, primarily from these rivalries between the great imperialist Powers.

I do not want, however, to make that my main subject now, though I am convinced that, as Professor Haldane would have said to you in the broadcast talk which he was not able to give in this series, there is no way short of a Socialist system of remedying these imperialist rivalries and setting out to organise the world for universal peace. I should have no time to develop that theme adequately, and I prefer to talk to you about a far smaller issue on which I have more hope of saying even in a few minutes something capable of influencing opinion. I want to talk to you, in fact, not about all the causes of war, but about one very important secondary cause—armaments: that is, the notion of armed preparedness and the special position of those people in every leading country whose incomes depend on the making of armaments.

People never get tired of telling us that wars do not pay. It is obvious enough that they do not pay the vanquished, and in the light of the last war I think most people would agree that they do not pay the victors either. For the last war, as we all know, lost us a good deal of our foreign trade; it left us

with a huge burden of debt, and that debt now stands seriously in the way of our attempts to improve our social services and raise the happiness of ordinary men and women. But, apart from that, the last war killed a great many of our best people, and left us sadly short of brains and energy and courage for tackling the vital problems of our own time. We won the war; but I think everyone will admit, irrespective of his political opinions, that we should have been much better off if it had been possible for us not to become involved in it, and better off still if it had not happened at all.

That, however, is not the whole story. The war did not pay us as a nation, though Great Britain was on the winning side. It brought nothing but loss and suffering to the great majority of British people. But can we afford to forget that there were some people whom it did pay very handsomely indeed, or that in every war and rumour of war there will always be some persons who stand to gain a prodigious profit? We have all heard of war profiteers; and, even apart from those who set out deliberately to make their pile out of the nation's necessities, there were many thousands in the last war who simply coined money as long as it lasted—coined money whether they tried to or not, because war always makes things scarce and dear, and scarcity and dearness always mean big profits for someone.

Apart from the people who make big profits when war actually occurs, we cannot afford to forget certain other people to whose interest it is to make us think constantly about war as an imminent possibility. You can't expect un-mixed sorrow in the arsenal and shipyard towns when the Government decides to increase the army or the navy. I don't mean that everybody in these towns rejoices; there are as good pacifists in Woolwich or Portsmouth as anywhere else. But how can a good many people help rejoicing when their living depends on armaments and disarmament threatens them with poverty and unemployment? Or take again those who hold shares in the armament firms. What are their feelings likely to be, even if they are personally quite pacific people, when they hear that their dividends are going up? Armament shareholders are very like other shareholders, I suspect—not at all displeased by an increase in the size of their incomes. But why do dividends on armament shares go up or down? Because the nations are buying more or less arms. And why do nations buy more or less arms? Because they are more or less frightened about the prospect of another war. And what makes them more or less frightened? Most of all, the fact that some other country—the country they most regard for the time being as their possible enemy—has been buying more arms, and so they feel

it to be up to them to buy arms for themselves on a still larger scale.

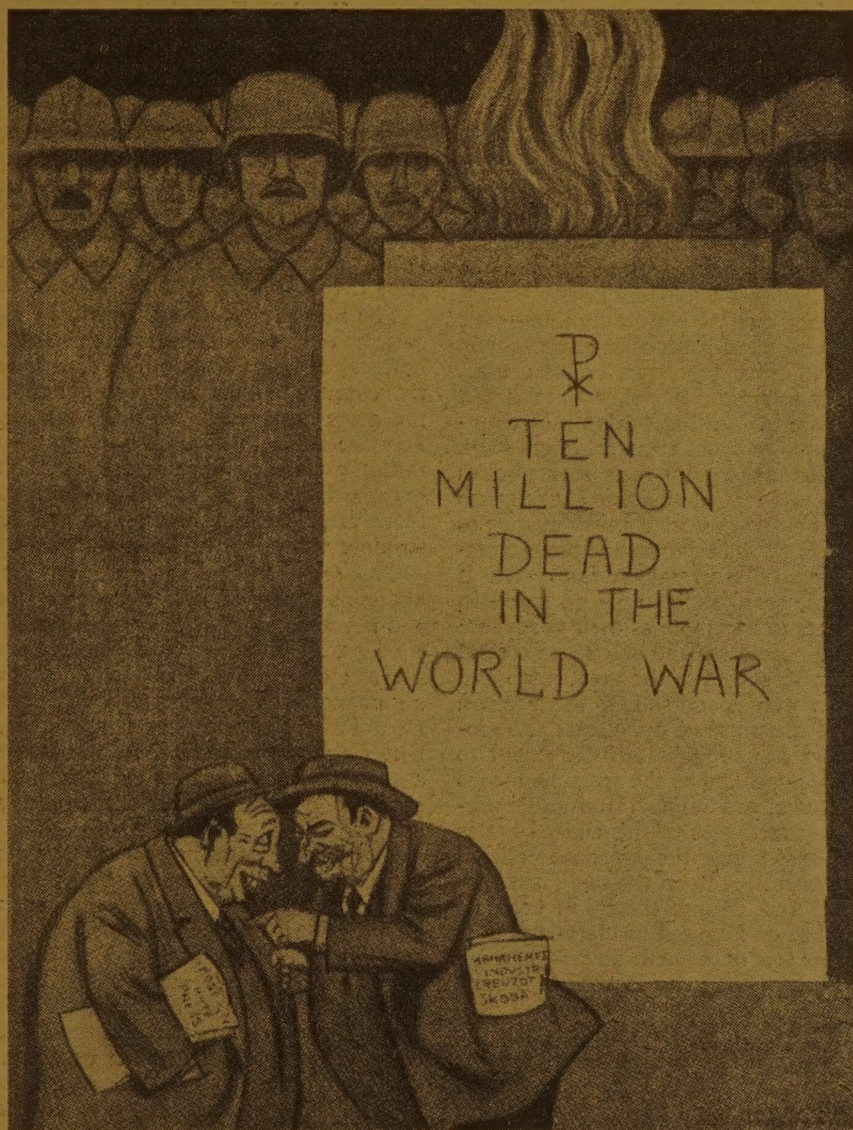
With most goods, the more you want to sell, the cheaper you have to offer them, because each sale you make brings you to a new set of customers who are only willing to afford a lower price. But in the case of armaments, that simply isn't true. The more arms you can sell to Bolivia or to Germany, the more of them Paraguay or Great Britain will want to buy. If Japan builds a bigger navy, the United States will soon be ordering more warships from their armament firms. If Germany gets more aeroplanes, there will soon be a cry that our air force ought to be increased. The more arms there are in

the world today, the more still there are likely to be tomorrow. With most things, the more you have the less you want an additional supply. But with armaments it is the other way round: the more you have, the more you want.

As I have said, I am not suggesting that the great wars of modern times have been *mainly* caused by the wicked machinations of the armament firms. But I do feel quite confident, on the basis of the evidence that has come out before a whole succession of enquiries, that armament firms, like other firms, try to sell as many of their wares as they can, and that they go a long way beyond most other firms in using bribery and intrigue in order to induce Governments to buy more of their stuff. 'Do you realise', says Mr. X, the armament agent, to Baron Y, leading politician in some State or other, 'do you realise that your next door neighbour has got a new gun or a new battle-

ship or a new submarine or a new aeroplane that knocks that last lot you bought into a cocked hat? But now we have got a still better gun or battleship or submarine or aeroplane that will make your next door neighbour's armaments no more use in war than some old relic out of a military museum. Bid up, gentlemen, for the very latest engines of death and destruction! Anyone who omits to order a large supply of our very latest poison gas is absolutely asking for it. Anyone who does buy it—in sufficient quantities, of course—is guaranteed victory—until we have managed to sell some still more deadly engine of warfare to some other Power'.

You know very well that this is how the game of armament hawking goes on. Or, if you still doubt it, let me refer you to what has been coming out in the American enquiry into the trade in arms which is in progress just now, or to the evidence gathered together in that admirable pamphlet published a year or so ago by the Union of Democratic Control under the title *The Secret International*. In the light of that evidence I don't see how any reasonable person can question that the facts are



A German caricature of the armaments business—'Just as Twenty Years Ago'

'Why shouldn't we risk this war business? We haven't really started yet'

Drawn by Werner Hahmann; from 'Kladderadatsch'

as I have stated them. The more and the deadlier arms one country can be induced to buy, the more and the deadlier arms its neighbours feel they have to buy, too. Of course they will all tell you that they are only buying these weapons for purposes of defence and security. But, as Sir Norman Angell showed you in an earlier talk in this series, the pursuit of security through armaments is sheer illusion. No country can make itself secure through armaments without making all the rest insecure. And even so, no country can really be secure, because its heavy armaments may always provoke an alliance of the others against it. It is downright nonsense to speak of armaments as a means to security. And yet one has to admit in the present state of the world that a country which reduces its armaments by unilateral action is taking an additional risk. Personally, I should be prepared to run that risk: but politically I have to recognise that for some time to come the manufacture of armaments is going on in this country as well as in others.

But if we are going on making armaments it seems to me altogether wrong that any person at all should be allowed to make a profit out of them, and quite fantastically wrong that any nation should allow its armament firms to sell their goods to foreign countries which may thereafter use them to shoot down or bomb or gas its own nationals. I want to see the entire trade in armaments made a public monopoly, under conditions which will stop absolutely all sales of armament of any foreign country. I would admit only one exception to this—sales specially authorised by the League of Nations in order to help one of its members in resisting an aggressor, or, of course, sales to the League itself if an international police force should be brought into existence. Apart from that I think each country ought to depend on its own national armaments industry, publicly owned and controlled, not for anyone's profit, but as the sheer national loss it is bound really to be. For I am sure no body of company directors, however estimable they may be as persons, is morally strong enough to be exposed to the temptations which the manufacture of arms for private profit is bound to involve. I mean the temptation to get up scares in order to compel Governments to buy more of their goods, the temptation to bribe bribable politicians and officials to second their efforts, the temptation to subsidise the most jingo and militarist among the political parties and so help them to win electoral victories over their more pacific opponents. The recent American arms enquiry has brought out the extent to which these methods have been pushed by the armament firms in their dealings with the Central and South American Republics, as well as in influencing members of the United States Congress itself. Everyone knows how the Japanese political parties are tied up to and dependent upon the two great Japanese armament combines. And though there has been no official investigation in France or England or Germany, does any of us doubt that the same sort of scandals do exist in more or less extravagant forms in these countries as well? Is it quite an accident that Thyssen and other leaders of German heavy industry backed the Nazis right from the start, or that the French *Comité des Forges* is always found in alliance with the parties of the Right which stand most for heavier armaments? I will not come nearer home, but I should be surprised to hear that the leaders of our armaments industry were deeply distressed by the failure of the Disarmament Conference, or that they would be very sorry if the present Naval Conference with Japan and the United States were to break down. And, apart from this, the American armaments enquiry has already thrown a pretty sinister light on the doings of British as well as American armament firms in their attempts to sell their goods to the States of South and Central America.

We ought to nationalise our armaments industry and thus make it impossible for anyone to have a direct financial interest in hawking arms. But I admit that to do this is far less easy than it sounds. For, while the making of finished armaments is mainly a separate matter distinct from the making of things that are intended for ordinary peaceful uses, these finished armaments are mostly made out of materials which can also be used for many other purposes. Probably, as a first stage, we cannot go much further than nationalising the manufacture of finished armaments, though we ought to realise that to stop at that point will mean leaving the makers of materials that are largely used for armaments with a strong incentive to get the nations to arm as heavily as they can. We ought, at any rate, to take over the making of armour-plate as well as of finished vessels of war, and of such chemical substances as

are mainly of use for warlike purposes. We ought really to go much further than this, and to control the export not only of finished war supplies, but also of materials that are destined for use in making armaments. But I am afraid that is not practical politics as a first stage, and we shall probably have to make a start with the half measure of preventing only the export of finished munitions of war and a few special substances such as armour-plate.

Even this will arouse strong opposition, mainly on two grounds. One objection that will be raised is that it would weaken the smaller countries in comparison with the great Powers, because the smaller countries are far less in a position to build up powerful armament industries of their own. That is true and unavoidable. But I am not at all deterred by it. The less arms the little countries have, the less likely are they to start little wars which will threaten to embroil their greater neighbours. I heartily wish I could see how to abolish armaments altogether for great Powers as well as small. But I am not going to be deterred by considerations of this sort from making the acquisition of armaments harder wherever it can be done. Many of the small Powers are pacific; and these, being already lightly armed, will not be seriously affected by the embargo on the trade in arms. But other small Powers are among the most bellicose in the world; and the less arms they are allowed to get hold of the better for us all.

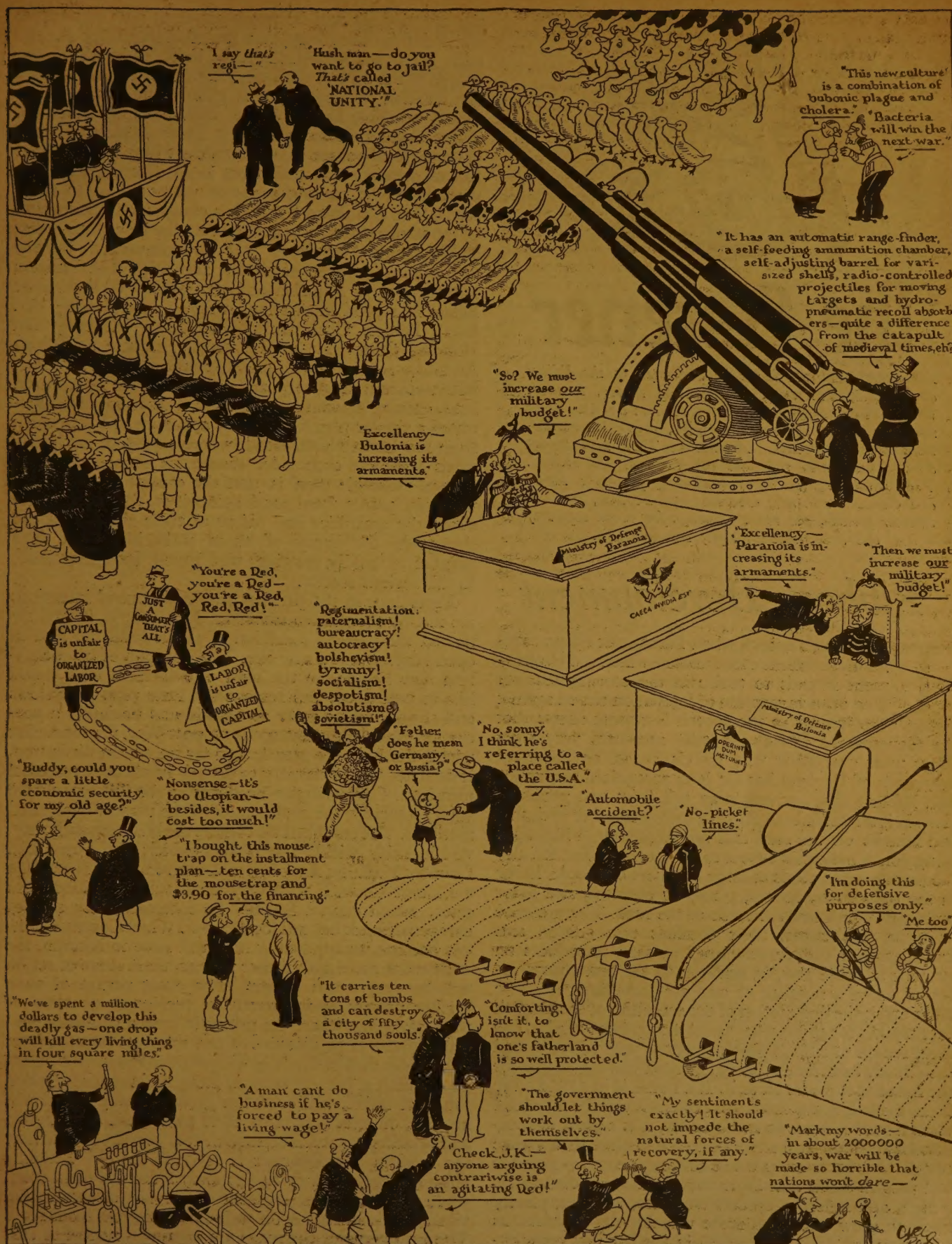
The second objection that will be made is that the selling of arms to foreign countries helps to build up the armaments industry at home and so puts it in a better position to equip this country to meet the needs of actual war. It is argued that the more armaments we make for other countries—even if they are liable to be used against us—the bigger armaments industry we shall have at our command when we ourselves become involved in war. Therefore, runs the argument, the more arms we can manage to sell to other countries, the stronger will our own defences be.

This argument has some truth as far as it goes; but it does not go nearly far enough. For armed strength is always relative and never absolute. What will it profit us to have more arms if we get them only at the expense of doing our utmost to arm the rest of the world as heavily as possible? In effect, this argument leads straight to a competitive race between the great Powers to arm the rest of the world in order to become better armed themselves. Its result is not to give one Power a greater security against any other, but to raise the level of armed preparedness over the whole world. It increases the danger of war.

I am not maintaining that armaments, any more than armament makers, are the cause of war. For the root causes of war lie far deeper—in the clashes engendered by commercial and imperialist rivalries, in the strength of nationalistic passions and racial enmities, and in the sheer lust for power and importance which can afflict whole countries as well as individuals. But it is our business, with the world in its present state, to use every possible method not only of removing the causes of war, which I do not believe we can do as long as we allow capitalism to continue as a fomentor of national and imperialist ambitions, but also of preventing these causes, which we have no present means of eradicating, from finding an outlet in actual warfare. There are far too many dangerous lunatics about. But let us at least try to keep the instruments of mass destruction as far as possible out of their reach. Let us at all events avoid like the plague any policy which amounts in effect to pushing the revolver into the madman's hand.

We should condemn unhesitatingly, and I hope lock up without ruth, anyone who formed a company for the express purpose of supplying bombs to political assassins or revolvers to Chicago gangsters. We should not regard any of our local Fascist fire-eaters as a public benefactor if he proposed to combat unemployment by ordering a supply of artillery, tanks and armoured cars, in addition to coloured shirts, for his followers. Yet the difference is not so great between these things and the deliberate hawking of instruments of mass destruction by armament firms to every Government throughout the world.

The stopping of this practice might not suffice to prevent war. I am not saying that it would, by itself. There are many other measures that we shall have to take in addition to stopping the private manufacture of arms, to avoid a recurrence of the calamity of 1914. I do, however, believe that the nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments and the com-



An American caricature of the armaments business—'The Highest Form of Life, or, Two Hundred Centuries of Practically Uninterrupted Progress'

Drawn by Carl Rose; from 'Today'

plete stopping of the international trade in arms would decrease the amount of military preparation in the world, and therewith make war less likely. If that is so, it is certainly well worth doing, whatever else we may decide to do in other ways towards the prevention of war. For a decision that, as far as in us lies, we will prevent war preparation from being a source of profit to any person, will be at least a long step forward

towards getting men to realise the fundamental truth that, even if all ethical considerations are left out of account, no modern war can ever be worth while to any country on a balance of purely material considerations. War is utterly and absolutely wrong and vicious, and in this instance at any rate the cause of virtue is also that of material and economic advantage.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

Ribbon Development

THE King's speech when Parliament opens commonly mentions those matters which the Government intends to tackle in the coming Session. The explicit mention of legislation aimed against ribbon development in the speech last week shows that the Government intends to take measures very soon about what everybody who travels at all on the great new roads of England has for long recognised as a major evil. Ribbon development is an evil from two points of view. It is an undoubted cause of a great number of deaths and injuries on the road that the large arterial highways along which motorists expect to be able to go fast are also the private home roads of large numbers of people, living in the bungalows, houses, places of business, and other buildings, which line each side of the road. The presence of these inhabitants, their comings and goings, and crossings, and sudden stoppings in cars, introduces an element of grave risk, in addition to the risk always involved when a number of cars are travelling fast. The other evil is the destruction of the amenities of the English countryside for those who travel along these roads. The great reason of ribbon development is that where a road has already been made there is no road-making charge for the house that fronts on to it. If a house is in a field away from a road, heavy frontage expenses will be incurred when a road is made to it. Secondly, it is a great temptation for anybody with anything to sell to place their garage or café or tobacco-shop where as many people as possible will pass it. Land that faces important roads commands a high, and indeed a speculative price, as being plainly likely to grow more and more valuable for business, as time goes on. All over England in the last few years by-pass roads, new arterial roads, have been made at great expense, very largely with grants from the Road Fund under the Ministry of Transport. The whole purpose of these roads has been to avoid buildings, in the interests of rapid movement. There has also been the hope of preserving the scenery on either side. But local authorities have been themselves very much to blame in driving a busy trade selling land which they have acquired on either side of the new roads.

It is not yet known what form the Government's proposals will take, but certain large considerations govern

the question. It will be much easier to pass preventive legislation for the future than remedial legislation for the past. While roads continue to be built, so largely at the charge of the central authority, from taxes contributed by the taxation of vehicles, it is plainly fair to make that money available only if certain conditions are observed. Three County Councils, Surrey, Essex, Middlesex, have obtained legal powers to stop building within two hundred feet of certain roads, and, what is not less important, to prevent people making roads or pathways on to these roads. The Guildford Bypass is a conspicuous illustration of the wisdom of this policy, and it may be expected that all Highway Authorities will be encouraged by the Government to exercise similar authority. The Princess Parkway on the Manchester Corporation's Wythenshawe Estate is a good illustration, recently described by Mr. Barry Parker, Chairman of the Town Planning and Housing Committee of the Royal Institute of British Architects, of the plan of planting each side of a new road with trees and shrubbery, and of keeping it as agricultural land, earning agricultural rent. Mr. Parker has also illustrated a similar plan for the new approach to Letchworth from the Great North Road, where a strip of land, fifty yards wide on each side, should be fenced off. The general principle then is that the central authority can withhold grants from local authorities, who do not care about the amenities and safety of their roads, and can strengthen the hands of those authorities (and their number is rapidly growing) who have a keen conscience in this serious matter.

Experience in the past has shown that good intentions are not by themselves sufficient. Few people, if any, intended the present condition of affairs, and the idea of open strips is not a new one. The question of compensation now lies across the path of reformers who would like to pull down and remove the little pink bungalows and shacks, which make so squalid and unsightly a procession along the great roads of post-War England. But where the built-up area has so far only been disfigured, it does not seem necessary to despair of effective remedial measures. Compensation need not be the full speculative value, assuming the continuance of the present haphazard methods. The trouble is that where the planning authority, which today wields the powers which the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932 conferred, is no more than a District Council, with very small sums obtained from rates, which cannot feasibly be increased, any sort of compensation is beyond local power. When County Councils become, as apparently they will have to become, the wielders of these and further powers, their range of action will be very much greater. The exact nature of such further powers leads directly to the larger question of town-planning, where the principle is now generally conceded that a large measure of control must be submitted to by individual builders in the public interest. The buildings, which at present straggle along main roads intended for swift traffic, will be better grouped away from main arteries, on sites served by their own small quiet roads, and preserving garden amenities. It is curious to note how the modern town-planner is reviving the old Teutonic village, a cluster of dwellings away from the main road, while the ribbon development is a revival of the Roman village, with its houses on each side of a great main road. The new perils of the roads are causing a revival of that desire for quiet security, which made the Anglo-Saxons seclude their villages. Probably some change will have to be made in the system of charging dwellings for the making of the roads that serve them, because it is highly important not to penalise people for having the good sense to want to live off a main road. What good sense such a desire shows may easily be seen when it is remembered that three out of every four pedestrians killed on the roads are killed in these built-up main roads, and that last year nearly a thousand of the victims were children, four times the number of children killed by motor-cars elsewhere.

Week by Week

A LETTER from the Federation of British Industries, which appeared in *The Times* last week, has drawn attention to the growth of competitive broadcasting in a number of the British Colonies. We have for a long time known the problem of the foreign film and its influence upon local populations in the Colonies as a very powerful method of propaganda. Now with the improved short-wave system, wireless programmes bid fair to present an even more acute problem. Propaganda, trade rivalry, even political rivalry, can all be indulged in by sending out programmes specially framed in the local vernacular, in order to reach particular populations. Of course the growing extension of broadcasting to the Empire and the rapid progress in improvement in those broadcasts, which the last two years have seen, supplies the main answer to the problem. But the impatience which people are inclined to feel, when, in their particular part of the world, reception is at times difficult, or programmes seem uninteresting and uninspired, does not always allow of due weight being attached to some quite special considerations affecting Empire broadcasts from this country. No other country has so large an area to serve. The zones into which Empire broadcasting is divided are all enormous, and the task of the Empire broadcaster is not how to reach some particular localised group, but how to cover a huge field, and to provide attractive programmes at hours when the home transmitters are silent. In part improvement is dependent upon progress being made at both ends. Colonial governments have a particular responsibility, in proportion as they are faced with the unwelcome attentions of outside broadcasters, to ensure that conditions of reception in their colony are made as good as possible. So far it is understandable enough that there has been no large-scale action at the receiving end, because the last two years have been years of unparalleled financial impoverishment and stringency. But the letter of the F.B.I. comes at a moment when the clouds everywhere are a little less heavy. The anxiety which the F.B.I. express is one which will be shared particularly by those concerned with the African Colonies, where large native populations are now taking their first steps in education, and are forming their first political conceptions. The question is not a small one, either in difficulty or importance, and affords a measure of the lengths to which Empire broadcasting will have in the end to be developed, if it is to play an adequate part in the life of the Colonies. A great deal can be done now in the way of standardising apparatus, and giving an official lead in each colony in using that apparatus, and perhaps in building local stations for transmission and re-transmission.

'Meeting the listener half-way' might be said to be the motto of the Drama Director's talk last week. Not long ago he appealed to listeners to send him their frank opinions on broadcast plays; those who answered now have their reward in knowing that the programme for the first three months of next year has been based on the conclusions drawn from their correspondence. It is clear that the Sunday Shakespearean performances and the Series of Famous Trials have well justified themselves in the opinion of listeners; so Shakespeare will be continued with 'The Winter's Tale', 'Troilus and Cressida' (hardly ever performed on the stage), and 'The Taming of the Shrew'; and the Trials by that of Dame Alice Lisle, who was condemned by Judge Jeffreys during the Bloody Assizes. The programme also contains one first-class historical mystery with Mr. Norman Edwards' play ('The Mystery of the Temple') about the little Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, who is generally supposed to have died in the Temple prison, though the fact has never been finally established. It is well known by now at Broadcasting House that every production of a Tchekov play immediately brings a spate of letters *pro* and *con*, both equally acceptable as signs that the plays provoke comment, controversy and criticism and are therefore very much alive; so 'The Three Sisters' will be broadcast in March. Popular stage plays adapted for broadcasting will include 'Berkeley Square', 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure', and the first part of Shaw's 'Back to Methuselah', produced by Cecil Lewis and treated as a complete play in itself. Another popular adaptation, this time from a book, will be that of James Hilton's *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. Finally those correspondents who complain of the length of broadcast plays

are to have their wishes met by a series of short, representative foreign plays, whose average length will be about twenty minutes—the first being 'A Farewell Supper' from the 'Anatol Dialogues' of Schnitzler, the Austrian playwright, to be produced in January.

When, nine years ago, the *Daily News* made an appeal for funds to instal wireless in our hospitals, the public response was so generous that one hundred and twenty-two London Hospitals, and, at a rough estimate, two million patients, have since benefited from it. But the equipment then installed is now largely out-of-date, while hundreds of hospitals still remain without any at all. Consequently the *News Chronicle* is once more attacking the question, this time with the ambitious ideal of 'a radio for every bed, in every English Hospital'. In an article in support of his paper's appeal, Mr. J. L. Hodson describes wireless as constituting for thousands of sick people 'the door and the window and the post and the newspaper'. Even from the medical point of view the part it can play is by no means insignificant, in helping the patient to forget his condition and his fears. The extent to which out-of-date equipment will have to be replaced and the number of new sets required is not easily ascertainable. A year ago the Radio Manufacturers' Association sent out a questionnaire to more than a thousand hospitals, to discover how many were equipped with wireless. Of rather less than fifty per cent. who replied, more than a hundred confessed themselves completely without it. The average cost of a pair of headphones—the most suitable method—fitted to a bed is £1. Nine out of ten installations are of this type, though sometimes in children's wards loud speakers are preferred. Some idea can thus be gained of the magnitude of the undertaking which the *News Chronicle* has proposed. The Appeals Committee is to be presided over by Mr. Philip Inman, Managing Governor of the Charing Cross Hospital, and there will be a Technical Committee, with advisers nominated by the B.B.C. and a Finance Committee. The King and Queen have given a generous lead to the subscription list. It would certainly be hard to think of a more acceptable Christmas present for the hospitals.

Our Scottish correspondent writes: Our reception of the Government's proposals with regard to Scotland as a depressed industrial area was delightfully characteristic. The *Glasgow Herald*, speaking with the voice of the business community that is at the very heart of the trouble, gave them a welcome and a blessing. The *Scotsman*, enjoying a certain detachment, dismissed them as faint-hearted and inadequate to the magnitude of the problem. Of the three Glasgow evening papers, two followed the *Herald* in offering the scheme a mixed blessing, while the other was with the *Scotsman* in condemning it. So it is with the politicians. For many the National Government can do no wrong. Labour, now in municipal control over a wide area, laughs and relies on its own medicines. The Nationalists are positively angry, declaring that Sir Arthur Rose's report contains nothing new and that the clauses of his brief are a mere tinkering with a situation that could be put right tomorrow by a Scottish Parliament sitting in Edinburgh. This glorious confusion is in part due indeed to the fact that any intelligent observer of the Scottish scene could have written Sir Arthur's report with his eyes shut and been perhaps more constructively suggestive, but it also rests largely on a national weakness often commented on in these notes—that fatal individualism which makes each of us take a different road to much the same end. For it is clear to any detached mind that all Scotland, irrespective of party and class, is as a result of the crisis 'thinking Scottish' and seeing the country's condition as a special problem to be solved by reorganisation devised by native thought. We wish to recapture prosperity; we know that much can be done through united action; and in that sense it can be said that the Nationalists and a largely conservative body like the Scottish National Development Council are aiming at ultimately the same goal. The virtue in the appointment of a Commissioner is precisely that he may become a neutral channel for the ideas that are being so generously produced and, through the limitations of the racial temperament, so prodigally wasted.

American Points of View

The Quest for Economic Security

By SIDNEY HILLMAN

Mr. Hillman has been President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America since 1915, and was responsible for establishing the Unemployment Insurance Fund in Rochester, Chicago and New York.

WHAT do I mean by security? To begin with it is security of the worker on the job, an assurance that another job can be found when one is lost. Unemployment caused by cyclical business recessions, or by technological displacement or other circumstances, is disaster to the man or woman whose living depends upon having a job. But not only the worker is concerned with job security. No other group of the people, however privileged, can thrive if the workers do not enjoy job security. Labour constitutes the major part of the population in this country and in other countries. The workers constitute the largest part of the consuming public, the largest block of purchasing power which determines the production of consumer goods. When these workers in ever increasing numbers lose their jobs, and are stripped of purchasing power, then industries, manufactures, business and the services are adversely affected. The eventual security of those engaged in and about the productive processes as business men, investors, is intimately bound up with the profitable and secure employment of the masses of the working people. As unemployment grows, invested capital shrinks in volume. The structure based upon security certificates representing potential profits and investments disappears. Before the economic cycle is concluded, accumulated capital is wiped out. Life grows poorer, great potentialities are reduced to nothing. Such are the consequences of an uncontrolled economy. But the disaster caused by unemployment does not stop at national boundaries. Arrested expansion of business, caused by the contraction of employment at home, seeks a way out abroad. It enters international competition, creates rivalry, fear and jealousy, breeds ill-will, causes war, the greatest danger carrying eventually inevitable disaster to all business, progress and security everywhere. There really can be no two opinions on this subject of insecurity and security. They spell death or life to civilisation, culture and that richer life that has been man's aim ever since he grew out of the jungle. The source of insecurity is found in the logic of our acquisitive, planless way of running economic affairs. I am not raising theoretical and social objections to the profit motive in business. There was indeed a time when the profit motive in industry played an economically progressive part. The profit urges of the business man and industrialist of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries pulled society from under the power of feudalism and helped open the road for the advent of the industrial revolution. Later on a similar motivation played a part and helped make possible the superior organisation of mechanical and electrical power and harnessed them for the needs of our industrial productive plant. But under modern technological conditions, the uncontrolled profit motive, seeking to pile up profits by exploiting labour forces the expansion of the productive capacity of this nation, at the same time as it pulls down the nation's purchasing power; only by some definite controls can we prevent these consequences.

Standards of Living Must Be Raised

This feature of modern industrial life is vividly illustrated by the fact that even in our so-called prosperous time, 21 per cent. of our families (not individuals) had incomes of less than \$1,000 a year, while 42 per cent. of the families had incomes of less than \$1,500. To put it a little more strikingly, 11,653,000 families had an aggregate income of ten billion dollars, while at the other extreme 36,000 families had an aggregate income of ten billion dollars. Surely we need no more figures to show how an industrial system cannot thrive by entirely divorcing consumption from production. Continued prosperity lies in the continuous lifting of living standards and the re-direction of the profit motive in the social interest. The consuming public—the workers—must be able to buy the product of the enlarged plant, or it will remain unabsorbed and obstruct the arteries of normal industrial functions.

In the past in the U.S.A. we have met these resultant problems by opening new land stretches, the expansion of the frontier, by tapping new resources and developing new industries. With other countries we went outside our own borders in the effort to dispose of the goods we produced and our own people could not purchase. In the quest for security at home we entered the competition for markets abroad. The record of history is before our eyes. It tells of war, of destruction of lives, of accumulated capital upon an international scale. The leaders of each country held out to their people, with war actually in progress, the promise of security, national and material, as the reward of victory. But war does not furnish security for long. Disillusionment of the masses of the people generally follows, accompanied frequently by even greater insecurity. So I say again that unless we can find ways and means to obtain security, civilisation is doomed.

Now, this problem won't solve itself. Things do not right themselves. We must use our brains and ingenuity to find a solution and apply ourselves to working it out. We now have too much to lose to stake all upon a selfish quest for profit. Planning for the adequate distribution of purchasing power so that plentiful consumption will balance mass production, must be the guiding principle. Can such planning be accomplished? There is a great deal to be said in favour of those who hold that no form of social organisation can be changed within its own shell. The record of history supports this contention. Major changes have generally come after a violent commotion. People who benefited by the established mode and because of that held the economic power and the political power that usually goes with it, have in the past been successful in holding on to what they thought they had, until the forces looking for change swept the whole structure away and engulfed those in power with it. I do not think that this is inevitable. If we apply the ingenuity that we employed to build up our marvellous industrial technique and plant to the problem of distributing our income and controlling our economic institutions, so that the masses of the people should be able to buy the product of the plant. The problem of security and continued prosperity would be solved.

From the Boom to the Slump

America lived through the War and the peaks and lows of the years following, and then followed the boom days between 1922 and 1929. The industrial leadership of the country did not concern itself with the problems of labour as long as sales were plentiful. No attention was paid to maintaining steady employment and an adequate standard of living. The part the pay envelope of the workers played in consumption was entirely ignored. When the depression set in, 'cycles of unemployment' were blamed and the future hopefully looked forward to, either around the corner, or in the long run. But the worker cannot be concerned with abstract ideas such as cycles and industrial balance. His whole being is wrapped around a job which he must have immediately, if he is to live. American business leadership during the boom years particularly prided itself on its ability to provide employment and higher wages by means which allegedly called for nothing more than the search for profit. In this way it was thought that all energies would be released. But this was not a way to provide decent human results. By making phenomenally large foreign loans, by building up a large speculative structure and by developing the device of instalment sales at home, an increasing market for the products of American industry was stimulated and many workers shared in this prosperity. Our business and political leaders thought they had solved the problem of security by what they thought was an American patent to ensure continued business prosperity. There was greater continuity of employment, but even then the number of unemployed never was below two million, and at times, as in 1928, right in the midst of the boom, this figure was higher. Mass production outran consumption. The technological displacement of

workers was taking on serious proportions. It aggravated the ravages in the depression which followed towards the end of 1929. From three million unemployed in 1929 the number of men and women without jobs, but able and willing to work, increased to about 15 million in 1933. Millions more were put on short time and short wages. You in the British Isles have provided Unemployment Insurance, Old Age Relief and other forms of social insurance. In our country we faced the depression of 1930, '31 and '32 without such protections. These were amongst the reasons why the results were more devastating to us. An important part of our programme ahead should be the establishment of such measures of social security. The horrors of insecurity were thus massed against our people. Those in control of our affairs persisted in the drifting policy which brought the country to the verge of utter destruction. The warnings uttered by a few of us that further drifting would bring us to destruction fell on deaf ears, and a planless industry drifted deeper into disaster. Wedded to the out-moded adoption of *laissez-faire* economics they waited for the cycle to run its course, hoping in this way to bring the revival of business in the end, but that did not happen. As I said before, I never believed that business cycles, unemployment, and the evils resulting are inevitable, or that we should face such a crisis with inactivity. Plan and purpose are the substance of life. Industrial processes need not be a game of hit and miss. My whole experience has impressed upon me the need for united action. I have no confidence in natural economic forces working themselves out, because I have found that things do not right themselves alone. We have always to build up institutions and instrumentalities to protect us and provide for us.

The National Industrial Recovery Act—

And so for two years, with others, I had endeavoured to point out the vital necessity for making an attempt to plan industry along lines which might help us to emerge from the depression into which we were sinking deeper day by day. The Economic Council Bill offered by Senator La Follette, which by the way was not passed, embodied many of the ideas that we had attempted to throw into the field of discussion, and the hearings held in connection with the proposed La Follette measure afforded the opportunity to bring before a senatorial committee most of the leading figures in the country connected with industry, finance, labour, economics and social welfare. Other Bills were introduced, and by due process of democracy the basis was provided for a new start. Finally in June, 1933, the National Industrial Recovery Act was passed. We of labour in the United States support the Recovery programme, or, as it is known, the 'New Deal'. We believe it furnishes the instrumentality for bringing about needed fundamental changes in the economic set up leading to security. More specifically I will say that the essential outline of the programme coincides with my view of the social problems of today. The National Industrial Recovery Act proceeds from the recognition of the fact that lack of purchasing power on the part of the mass of our people has been the major factor in bringing the depression upon us. The N.R.A., as I see it, is a democratic instrumentality which aims at achieving a co-ordinated balance of production and consumption on the basis of an economy of plenty, not of scarcity. It signifies a break with the traditional outlook of *laissez-faire* economics. It recognises the fundamental necessity for the governmental regulation and supervision of industrial processes and of economic forces. In my opinion it is the beginning of national economic planning. Necessarily, many intermediate steps have to be made. The outlook is always more exciting than the mechanics of the road-building, and the speed is conditioned by the resistance at hand, but he who wants to ride into the land of promise must first lay the road, no matter how difficult a task. It is in this perspective that the N.R.A. must be viewed if it is to be correctly understood and soundly appreciated. The National Industrial Recovery Act requires each industry to submit a code of fair competition to the administrators of the Act. The terms are actually arrived at by the participation of representatives of labour, consumers and governmental representatives with the proponents of the code. We are endeavouring to broaden the basis of labour representation. Labour provisions must provide for limiting the hours of work in a week to a certain maximum, so that there will be re-employment of the unemployed, and for paying wages not less than a minimum established for each industry. Section 7A of the Act guarantees

to labour the right to organise and bargain collectively and provides penalties for the employers who interfere with such rights. After the code of fair competition for an industry has been approved by the National Recovery administration, any violation of its provisions is subject to the penalties provided in the Act. A code authority is established in each industry to supervise the operation of the code under the general guidance of the N.R.A. This code authority is responsible for the enforcement of the code provisions, and also they may from time to time suggest amendments to the existing code, which, when approved by the N.R.A., become part of the national laws which affect each particular industry.

We hope through this democratic method to bring about the planning of industry along lines which will further the economic security of our people. More and more, people are beginning to realise that there is no welfare without the social welfare. The attempt to create a planned and controlled industry should not be just an emergency move. It is a major operation on our body politic.

—And What It Has Achieved

It is now hardly a year and a half since the National Industrial Recovery Act was put into effect. What I say with regard to its administration is the result of my own experiences as a member of the Labour Advisory Board of the N.R.A. and later as a member of the National Industrial Recovery Board appointed by President Roosevelt to take charge of the administration of the Act. No sensible man will claim that the Act has accomplished all that was hoped for, but real progress has been made. Administering it has been anything but smooth sailing. All sorts of difficulties have been encountered. One great difficulty has been the unfriendly attitude of many of the industrialists towards organised labour. Some of them have put every possible obstacle in the way of the enforcement of Section 7A which, as I have said before, deals with the right of labour to organise. This Section was put into the Act with a view to aiding labour to organise so that collective bargaining power could be used to increase wages and thus bring about a spread of increased purchasing power, the foundation upon which the effectiveness of the Act depends. As the various codes came up for hearing, the claims of labour as to hours and wages met in very many cases with opposition from some employers, while others willingly endorsed them. Now we are in the stage of administration, and it is a universal expectation that many of the codes will be improved. Already there has been improvement in the condition of the country under the stimulation of these codes. More than ever employers are becoming accustomed to consider the demands of labour an integral part of the industrial situation. While great unemployment still exists, there has been a decrease in the number of unemployed, and the miserable pittance known as sweat-shop wages have been largely forced out of the industries covered by codes of fair competition. Most of the codes provided for a 40-hour week, a few had 36- or 35-hour week provisions. Experience is proving that the 40-hour basis will not materially reduce the number of unemployed, except in industries which formerly worked very long hours.

Organised labour has been pressing hard for further shortening of the working week. If our efforts in the United States achieve a measure of success in the solution of our industrial problems, as I most firmly believe they will, we may be able to make a substantial contribution to the solution of similar problems in other countries. Who can tell but that some day codes of fair competition as provided in the National Industrial Recovery Act may be applied to trade relations between nations; when we shall refuse to trade with any nation which will not provide a decent standard of living to its people, with any nation which through an inadequate standard seeks an advantage in international trade through the exploitation of its workers.

I have tried to speak briefly of the things that experience has brought closest to my mind and heart. Industry is only a means to an end—a larger life for all of us. The technical knowledge of the world is now so great, industrialism has become so immense, that a planned and controlled industry can banish insecurity from the lives of the people and establish a standard of living such as the world has never known. We must learn the technique of controlling these tremendous forces or they will submerge us. It took us several years to learn to face this bitter reality, but now we are on our way to construct the means for security and livelihood for all.

The Listener's Music

Stravinsky on 'Perséphone'

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

Stravinsky conducts the first performance in England of his 'Perséphone' at the B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall tonight, November 28

LAST April, a day or two before the first performance of 'Perséphone' at the Opéra, Stravinsky published in the Paris daily *Excelsior* a declaration in which the following statements occur:

I wish to call the public's attention to a word which sums up a whole policy—the word 'syllable'; and further, to the verb 'to syllabise'. Therein lies my chief concern. In music (which is time and regulated tone—as distinct from the confused tone that exists in nature) there is always the syllable. Between the syllable and the general sense, or the mood permeating the work, there is the word, which canalises the scattered thought and brings to a head the discursive sense. But the word does not help the musician. On the contrary, it is a cumbersome intermediate. For 'Perséphone' I wanted nothing but syllables—beautiful, strong syllables—and an action. This is exactly what Gide has given me. . . . Music is not thought. We say *crescendo* and *diminuendo*; but music which is really music does not swell or subside according to the temperatures of the action. I do not exteriorise. I hold that music is given us to create order, to carry us from an anarchical, individual condition to a regulated condition, thoroughly conscious and provided with guarantees of enduring vitality. That which specifically appertains to my conscious emotion cannot be expressed in regulated form. When emotion becomes conscious, it is already cold and set. . . . I warn the public that I loathe orchestral effects as means of embellishment. I have long since renounced the futilities of *brio*. I dislike cajoling the public: it inconveniences me. . . . The crowd expects the artist to tear out his own entrails and exhibit them. That is what is held to be the noblest expression of art, and called personality, individuality, temperament, and so on. . . . This score, as it is written and as it must remain in the archives of our time, is a sequel to 'Œdipus Rex', to the 'Symphonie de Psaumes', to the 'Capriccio', to the Violin Concerto, and to the 'Duo Concertante'—in short, to a progression from which the spectacular is absent without this absence affecting the autonomous life of the works. . . . Nothing of all this originates in a caprice of my own. I am on a perfectly sure road. There is nothing to discuss nor to criticise. One does not criticise anybody or anything that is functioning (*en état de fonction*). A nose is not manufactured; a nose just is. Thus, too, my art.

In other words, Stravinsky, besides assuring listeners that 'Perséphone' was written in the same spirit as his previous works of the austere order, warns them not to expect the music to aim at illustrating and emphasising the contents of the dialogue. A quotation from another declaration of his, published a couple of years ago, will help to make his views on the matter even clearer:

My outlook is the antithesis of the current theory of the music-drama as exemplified in Wagner's works. There, the action becomes music. My idea is that the music should become action. I feel that the day of romanticism is past, both in life and in art. I have no longer any use for Mussorgsky, because his idea is always to embody dramatic action in music.

If so, then indeed we can see what Stravinsky means by describing the words—and, implicitly, the separate dramatic points they make—as cumbersome intermediates for the composer. Schönberg, years ago, had expressed the same idea in the following remarkable terms:

One fine day I realised, to my shame, that I had absolutely no inkling of what the words of certain songs of Schubert which I knew quite well actually were. And after having read those words, I discovered that I had learnt nothing that could help in the comprehension of these songs as music, or affect in any way my comprehension of them. On the contrary, I felt that, not knowing the texts, I had perhaps comprehended the real contents far more fully than if I had allowed my thoughts to dwell on the surface import of the words. Even more significant for me was the fact that more than once I had composed songs throughout under the influence of the sonority of the first words of the text, never dreaming of ascertaining what the actual poetic contents of these texts were until several days after finishing the music. And, to my amazement, I would then discover that I had never done fuller justice to the poet than when, guided by the first immediate effect of contact with the opening sonority, I had discovered all that was inevitably bound to follow upon that sonority.

Stravinsky, then, asks us, while listening to 'Perséphone', not to try to determine the meaning of the music by thinking of the meaning of the words, but to allow the music to tell the story in its own way—a very reasonable request although it runs counter to what most of us instinctively do when given, besides music, a dramatic or poetic action to follow. In fact, most of us must have had, at some time or other, experiences not dissimilar to those which Schönberg describes and Stravinsky paves the way for: when listening, for instance, to songs or opera in a language we do not know, or on the, alas! countless occasions when the language is familiar but the words are not made perceptible in performance. Then, indeed, the music is left to deliver its own message exactly as Stravinsky would have it. So that there is no real reason for denying him his premisses.

Nor is there any, of course, for following him to the bitter end. Most of us will probably continue to feel that the 'realistic' music of 'Boris Godounov' rises to purely musical significance as inevitably as the 'pure' music of 'Don Giovanni' fulfils all conditions of dramatic characterisation and expression. It is with results, not with starting-points, that music-lovers are concerned.

'Perséphone', like all Stravinsky's recent works, has created very conflicting impressions. To quote two extremes: the distinguished teacher, Miss Nadia Boulanger, declared it to be a consummate masterpiece, and started forthwith lecturing on it and analysing it at her course at the Paris Ecole Normale de Musique; and the critic of a certain musical weekly brushed it aside as not worth a thought. Controversy is still rife around it. Maybe, as often happens in such cases, listeners, having heard 'Perséphone', will wonder why so much fuss about a work that is fundamentally simple and should leave no reasonably alert human being in doubt as to what to think of it. The ulterior course of opinion will surely be interesting to watch. Not so long ago, a conflict of the same order was raging around 'The Rite of Spring'. Now this work has fallen into place; and nobody but the veriest novices or incorrigible fussers would dream of making exaggerated claims for it or of denying its originality and power.

Forthcoming Music

SIR WALTER ALCOCK will give the fourth of the B.B.C. Organ Recitals in the present series on Friday evening (November 30) at 8.15, when he will broadcast a programme of works by English composers, from Purcell and William Russell to Parry, Lemare and Basil Harwood.

A short Chamber Music concert by the London Wind Quartet will be broadcast in the National Programme at 10.15 p.m. on Thursday (November 29). The programme will include Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, Op. 16, with Ernest Lush as the pianist.

A Tchaikovsky programme will be given by the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D) at 10.15 in the National Programme on Friday evening. The works chosen are the Overture, Solennelle, 1812; the Casse-Noisette Suite; Theme and Variations; and Waltz from 'The Sleeping Beauty'.

North Regional on Saturday will relay from the Leeds Town Hall a Symphony Concert given by the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, with John Barbiroli as conductor. The Orchestra will play Elgar's arrangement of Handel's 'Overture in D Minor', and Elgar's 'Enigma' Variations, the 'Walk to the Paradise Gardens' from 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', by Delius, and the Overture to Wagner's 'The Flying Dutchman'. Egon Petri will be the solo pianist, and with the Orchestra will give Beethoven's 'Emperor' Concerto (No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73); and during the second half of the programme two items by Brahms, the 'Intermezzo', Op. 117 and 'Rhapsody in G Minor'.

RADIO NEWS-REEL NOV. 19-25

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



INDIAN CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

The Report of the Joint Select Committee on the White Paper proposals for the government of India was published on November 21. The Report endorses the main proposals of the White Paper for a Federation of All India, composed of the British Provinces and the Indian States; it supports the proposals for the increase of the self-government powers of the Provinces, and provides for the setting up of a central legislature with responsible Ministers; but lays down various safeguards for the peace and order of the country, for minorities and for certain British interests. The middle illustration shows the Assembly Hall at New Delhi

Photographs by permission of the High Commissioner for India.



PARLIAMENT OPENED

The King and Queen drove to Westminster in a closed car with the royal standard fluttering on the roof
On the left: Yeomen of the Guard on their way to inspect the cellars of the House on the morning of the opening

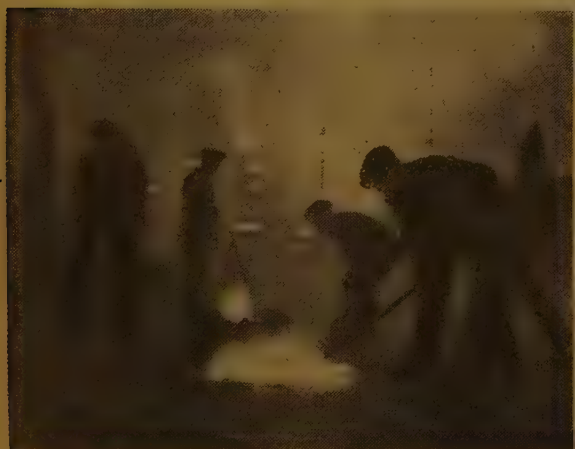


Gresford Colliery (the scene of the recent disaster) is to re-open—the exact date has still to be decided. Difficult work is expected in removing three big steel girders and other wreckage, and in putting the ventilating system in order



'News Chronicle' copyright

The National Appeal to raise funds for equipping every hospital throughout the country with wireless was launched last week. There is still a large number of hospitals without any sort of wireless equipment



NOVEMBER BLACK-OUT

Fog, mostly found in a belt stretching from Kent and Essex to Dorset and Wiltshire, afflicted England last week. No shipping was able to move on the Thames

Princess Marina
arrived in London
on November 21



LONDON'S WELCOME

It was a very different day from that afternoon of late September when London first welcomed the Princess, but the Capital's greeting was the same. The illustration above shows the crowd outside Buckingham Palace



LEAGUE PROBLEMS

Geneva was the centre of diplomatic activity last week. One of the subjects of discussion was the recommendations of the Committee of the Assembly for settling the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. Yugoslavia handed a note to the Secretary-General calling the attention of the League to the political terrorism which caused the death of King Alexander; and the note also directly accuses Hungary of sheltering terrorists; knowing them to be terrorists

The illustrations show: (above) the opening Session of the League Assembly, with (on right) M. Yevich, Yugoslavian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Benes, Czechoslovakian Minister; (below) the remains of a tank after an offensive in the Gran Chaco war





LAUNCHED BY WIRELESS

From a distance of about 12,000 miles Lord Bledisloe, Governor-General of New Zealand, by pressing a button in Government House, Wellington, launched this Blue Star liner

New Zealand Star



Cartoon reproduced from Sir Arthur Pinero's 'Plays and Players', by Hamilton Fyfe (Benn)



PARK KEEPERS' NEW DUTIES?

Mr. Richard
Coppock, Chair-
man of the Parks'
Committee of the

L.C.C., when he talked to the Parks' Superintendents on November 20 declared that all seats should be free, band and concerts free also, and park keepers should teach children to play games.

Above: typical summer scene in East End Park

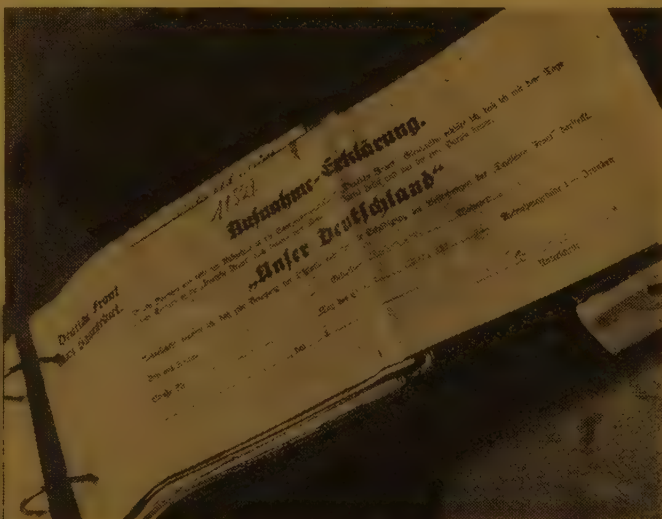


Window and Grove

Sir Arthur Pinero, the distinguished dramatist, died on Friday at the age of 79. In 1893 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' may be said to have brought the contemporary English stage into the stream of European drama; and later 'Trelawney of the Wells' and 'The Gay Lord Quex' contributed to his fame. Many of his later plays were associated with Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is seen here in her famous part as the manicurist in 'The Gay Lord Quex'. On another page we print her broadcast appreciation of his work

ARRANGEMENTS FOR SAAR PLEBISCITE

800 officials are going to preside over the 750 voting centres; they are all neutrals, 350 Swiss, 350 from Luxembourg and 100 Dutch. Saarlanders reading list of names of those entitled to vote at Saarbrücken



A 'GERMAN FRONT' REGISTRATION FORM
Every applicant for membership fills in a declaration of patriotism to Germany

Religion

The Way to God

Answers to Listeners' Questions

By the Rev. J. S. WHALE

A QUESTION asked by a large number of people in one form or another may be paraphrased as follows: 'Do you not speak too disparagingly of animals? Are they not literally our distant cousins? Have they not memory, morality, and even immortality? The intelligence of dogs, elephants and apes is a matter of common knowledge; all animal lovers know that dogs remember, are self-forgetful and faithful unto death. Man's conceit makes him think himself superior to animals as the Lord of Creation, but what about his own barbarisms, his bombing aeroplanes, the sexual vice which everywhere accompanies his vaunted civilisation, his cruelty to his own kind as well as to animal kind?'

To this I submit the following answer: I yield to no one in enthusiasm for that passionate sympathy with animal life which characterises our time, and is largely due to the modern evolutionary doctrine of the kinship of all sentient life. Few things nauseate and enrage us so much nowadays as cruelty to animals. If the child of the pre-Darwinian era commended the obliging cow for her readiness to 'give me cream with all her might to eat with apple tart', modern children pass beyond this comfortable anthropolatry in the very first line of Hodgson's great poem 'See an old unhappy Bull'. It can be no excess of sentimentality to insist on the new sense of kinship between man and the animal creation which this implies.

But sentimentality is dangerously easy here, and humanitarians often fall into excess in the advocacy of their views. For, after all, to contend seriously that even the most highly developed animals are our cousins is a sentimental theory, contradicted in fact by that distinction between animals and man which we all recognise as fundamental and irreducible. Carlyle put his finger right on it when he said 'To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond what a different pair of universes; yet the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same'. The organic kinship between man and beast is not denied; yet the disparity remains. The continuity in the whole evolutionary process seems to be a fact; but it does not exclude another fact, the emergence of real differences within that process. When we pass from inorganic nature to living things, or from animal sentience to the self-consciousness of man, we pass from one order of facts to another which is different and new, and is inexplicable in terms of what has gone before.

The Sense of Sin that Marks Out Man

Such differences concern us here. Granted intelligence in animals, there is an irreducible difference between it and man's conceptual reason, his power of abstraction and reflection, his possession of general ideas. The animal mind doesn't seem to possess the *idea* of causal dependence between facts; it associates facts together and forms habits of association, of course, but it does not go on to the idea of connectedness which is the basis of all man's science, the starting-point of all his values. And therefore, as an eminent modern philosopher has put it, 'when the dog develops a system of astronomy or the cow pauses on the hill-top to admire the view, we shall gladly welcome them to the logician's company of "rational animals", but till then, the wise man will be content to recognise a difference which is real'. Man's sense of sin differs from anything found at sub-human levels, as the mordant lines of one animal-lover bear scornful witness:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self-contained;
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Most animal-lovers, however, quickly see that this argument is double-edged, and that, in order to discredit man, Walt Whitman has hardly done credit to dogs; they claim that a dog does show a sense of shame or guilt when it commits a fault.

Yes. But can this be called contrition in any real sense? And is there memory of this sense of shame when the incident occasioning it is over and done with? It is obvious that our

intelligent and devoted friend the house dog, the domesticated product of a long association with man, shares something of man's distinctive life and is superior to Yellow Dog Dingo in a 'state of nature'. But, even so, we are conscious of time and a living past as the dog is not. We look before and after as he does not. Time is the characteristic form of that world of will and moral endeavour in which we men and women live. Man is not only a being endowed with intellectual and spiritual capacities; at his lowest he has traditions, whereas the animal at its highest has not. It still lives very largely on the instinctive level.

As to man's savageries and cruelties, I have previously argued that because he is a spiritual being he knows the heights and the depths as the animal never can. Wickedness, like sainthood, is always human. And as to immortality for animals in the Happy Hunting Ground, belief in which Whyte Melville shared with the Red Indians, who knows save God? Who shall say what the consummation of all things holds for our little sisters the birds? Some have contended that the great commission, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, included the animals. Who knows? What we do know is that it is sentimentality and worse to disparage the divine image in man, fallen and sinful creature though he be, in order to do belated justice to the animal creation, and to love mercy.

'Emergence' of Man

A second question, asked by very many people, rises directly out of the first. 'At what point in the evolutionary process did man, as distinct from animals, emerge? At what stage in his evolution from mammalian stock did he become possessed of soul or spirit?' A few people, using a vivid metaphor, asked 'When did the Divine Spark come in?' And some very properly coupled with this a further question—'When does the personality become part of the cell or embryo from which the human individual comes?'

The answer to questions in this form is clear: I don't know: nobody does! But I want to say three things about the essential problem they raise.

First, the metaphor about the divine spark is unfortunate and misleading if it suggests that God is not in the cosmic history until man appears. The whole evolutionary process in all its vast range and multiplicity witnesses to the activity of God from beginning to end. Mind emerges late in the process, but the whole process weaves the garment of God on the roaring loom of Time. The universe is 'all of a piece'. How, then, do changes take place in this continuous process? This is the inexplicable mystery. Science cannot yet 'explain' the transition from the inorganic to the organic, from life to consciousness, from apes to men; we just don't know how the qualitatively new fact emerges. Certain it is that we can't explain the higher by the lower, nor believe that mind should owe its origin to what is not mind. If I may use Archbishop Temple's brilliant illustration, 'To suppose that a physiological organism becomes conscious only because its own evolution has brought it to a certain stage of complexity would be like supposing that the mechanical Robot at a street corner will automatically turn into a policeman if the traffic is sufficiently congested.'

No: we cannot explain those twin aspects of the whole evolutionary process—Continuity and Change—nor how man emerges from lower forms of life. Science may some day prove continuity along the whole line of his development from inorganic Nature. But this will not prevent our hearing the Divine Word uttered every step of the way—'Behold I do a new thing', saith the Lord.

My second suggestion here is that we value things by their fruits, not by their roots. People sometimes argue that because we have come from the animals we must be animals; whereas what man is, rather than how he has come to be what he is, is what matters. His intellectual, moral and spiritual endowments in all their wealth and glory are in no way prejudiced by his origins, even if it should be proved up to the hilt that in the

dark backward and abysm of time his ancestors were apes. Speculation as to the 'how' of his emergence from mammalian stock is probably fruitless; it is anyhow irrelevant.

In the third place I suggest that the form of the question: At what *point* in evolution did man emerge as a living soul? is unfortunate because it contains a misleading assumption. You can't date these novelties or breaks in the cosmic process, these 'lifts' or 'increments', as they have been called, any more than you can precisely date a baby's emergence into self-consciousness or a youth's entry upon his manhood. To choose his twenty-first birthday, and have done with it, is as arbitrary and false as it is easy. For process is gradual. Spiritual personality, so far from being thrust ready-made into the material organism at any one point in its development, is created gradually amid the complicated exchanges of environment and heredity; moulded by the past and conditioned by the present, it goes on growing for good or evil through life, and, as Christians believe, finds its destiny beyond life.

So too with man's emergence as man, ages ago. To contend that God abruptly intervened in the world process to intrude spiritual personality upon it at the right moment is to turn philosophical analysis into literal history, and to make the ideal line between different types or stages into a definite moment in an historical sequence. The reality and worth of man's spiritual life is unaffected by the way in which it originated. The important fact about *homo sapiens* is not his birthday, but his birth.

The Problem of Pain

And now for a third question—about the problem of Evil—raised by many; raised indeed by Everyman in every age. What can I possibly say in a few minutes about this problem of pain and suffering, which is as old as it is insoluble? If God is the all-wise and all-loving cause and ground of everything, why is His world so ravaged by suffering? Earthquakes, shipwrecks, cancer, the tragedy of the lunatic, the cretin, the deaf-mute—whence and why are these things if God is God?

We must begin by saying that much of our suffering and pain is our own fault; a man brings it on himself. That is obvious; but it won't take us very far here. The counting-house theology which assumes a necessary connection between character and misfortune, and infers that a suffering man must be a sinful man, was shattered long ago in the Book of Job. Suffering is a problem not to be solved by a little tariff of rewards and penalties.

Very well. We must go on to say that pain and woe are too often the result of man's inhumanity to man. The 'risk' which God took in making us free beings means that we are free to be ruthless and to exploit our fellows; our slums are a monument of what man has made of man. The cretin, who is the awful result of continuous inbreeding, the village idiot, the down-and-out—certainly have a grudge; but it is against you and me rather than against God. If our freedom is a reality which God Himself holds sacred, He will not prevent us even from doing evil to others. He does not put me under protective arrest when I am about to be greedy and cruel. When He made man, He made it possible for man to do evil and work woe, because this possibility is the very condition of man's being able to achieve the good. It is only in a world where such horrors as war, slavery and prostitution can happen that the learning of fellowship, chivalry and self-sacrifice will happen. God took this risk when He set us in this vale of soul-making and gave us the chance of the prize of learning love. Could we learn it, under any other conditions?

But we cannot stop here; for even this grim truth about our social solidarity leaves much suffering unexplained. What of the apparently fortuitous severity and meaningless waste of an order of Nature which includes disasters as well as blessings; which annihilates defenceless man with earthquake, typhoon and shipwreck. How is man in any sense responsible here? All I can suggest is that we know very little about this universe as a whole in all its inter-related workings. We believe that they are inter-related. As creatures of purpose we have to depend on Nature's unity and reliability. Gravitation is a force on which we rely every moment, since without it we could never build a house nor fell a tree. And the very things in Nature which seem most haphazard and accidental are nevertheless parts of an ordered whole, grounded in the purpose of God, however little we finite creatures can understand them as such. It is not unreasonable to suggest that if we could see the whole we should understand, whereas now we see as in a glass,

darkly. Anyhow, it is in terms of this environment that the Eternal Spirit trains our spirits for eternal life in Himself; and though the process is sometimes (not always!) one of travail and agony, we believe that the hand of the Lord is over all; we are sons, not orphans, and nothing can ever take us out of the Father's hand.

Condition of Moral Growth

Is it irrelevant, then, to speak of discipline here? If we could have the soft and decadent life of the lotus-eaters, enjoying eternal afternoon, should we really want it? I know it is fatally easy to preach and moralise about life's discipline, but the fact remains that the condition of moral growth is struggle against hard circumstance. Effort, hardship and pain seem to be involved in any kind of moral world really conceivable or worth while. It is easy, of course, for one who is not suffering himself to be complacent and smug, but no one who has witnessed the cheerfulness and pluck of the blind or the bed-ridden and marvelled at their freedom from self-pity will deny that physical affliction, so far from always crushing people, often strangely ennobles them. To say this is not to solve the mystery of suffering, of course, but only to say that the mystery presses least where men know it best from within. The problem of evil is often more baffling and grievous for people looking on at suffering than for the people actually bearing it.

The same is true of the hard luck in many lives and of the handicaps through which some are held back, from the cradle to the grave. The triumph of a woman like Helen Keller over well-nigh shattering disabilities is a triumph of the spirit; a dramatic illustration of the fact that in the age-long process of evolution God is bringing spirit to birth.

Let me repeat what is obvious, that easy moralising helped out by a little rhetoric is only an offence to serious people here. I do not pretend that the answer I am giving solves a problem which is really insoluble by the intellect. Evil is a fact in God's universe, however we may try to explain its presence therein. You may solve the problems it raises, if you like, by denying that this is God's universe. Getting rid of God, you get rid of the problem caused by the presence in His creation of something presumably out of place in it. Much human suffering which seems irrational on the hypothesis of Christian theism raises no moral problem if that hypothesis is false. If the ultimate reality is not One who is good and who loves, but either an omnipotent fiend or unconscious power, or one who is not omnipotent nor omniscient but is proceeding by a method of trial and error and is doing his best—then evil is what we should expect to find in the universe; and we are still left, not with the problem of evil, but with the grim fact of it. Though the suffering remains, the problem as such vanishes.

Yes, but this would only provide us with a new problem, the problem of Good. If there is no moral meaning in things, why are people such fools as to be conscientious and to do the painful right? Why are they loving and heroic and self-sacrificing? Why die for a great cause? How can there be a great cause? Why let truth, beauty and goodness have compelling right over you? Why does Socrates drink the hemlock and St. Paul die daily if there is no ultimate reality of good to believe in and to worship? The problem of good, on such a hypothesis, is just as real as the problem of evil which that hypothesis is meant to eliminate.

The only solution known to me is the working solution given in a religion which declares that in all our afflictions He is afflicted. He is not One who dwells apart from men in the far-off altitudes of infinite space. The Eternal Love which moves the stars bears our griefs and carries our sorrows. As I stand at the Cross, I know that the All-Great is the All-Loving; by that I have to live, and by that I hope to come in the end to die.

Death and Eternal Life

There remain some questions asked by several people which may be summed up as follows: 'In what sense is human death any different from the death of an animal?' 'Why do you make death a fact to be afraid of?' Let me say at once that I don't. A Christian is certainly not afraid of death. Death is a purely natural event, the natural fate of the physical organism. Granted. But it is not the fate of values in whose intrinsic eternity we must believe. And as those values are always values for a personality, Christians believe in eternal life.

What death is in its nature and extent no one really knows. But it is a crisis. Why? Because life is critical throughout. There is something genuinely at stake in man's life, the climax whereof is death. If our life is really a pilgrimage, it is not so much a pilgrimage from a birthday to a deathbed as one from nature to super-nature, from temporal things to eternal. Dying is inevitable; but arriving at the destination God offers to us is not. It is not impossible to lose the way and fail to arrive. Christianity has always urged that life eternal is something which may conceivably be missed.

I know that it is no longer fashionable to talk about Heaven and Hell, one good reason for this being that to make religion into a prudential insurance policy is to degrade it. The Faith is not a fire-escape. But in rejecting the old mythology of eternity as grotesque and even immoral, many people make the mistake of rejecting the truth it illustrated (which is rather like rejecting a book as untrue because the pictures in it are bad). It's no use telling men that they must do the will of God and accept His gospel of grace, if you also tell them that the obligation has no eternal significance and that nothing

ultimately depends on it. Death is tremendous because life is, and because in it life says its last irrevocable word. No one has ever put this point more forcibly than St. Paul, who cried, 'The sting of death is sin'.

If our life *in time* in any way conditions our eternal salvation, it is seen for what it is—final and unalterable—in death, which has been called by a distinguished modern thinker 'the supreme external manifestation of temporality'. There is a sting in death if only because we have all come short in life, and here conscience tells us so, speaking with inescapable clearness. We are never so aware of the failure of our life as at the moment when that failure confronts us, fixed and irremediable. This is what is meant when death is described as the sacrament of sin. It is the outward sign of opportunities gone for ever.

Christians rejoice even over death, but only because God offers and gives them victory over its sting. The Cross means that man cannot save himself. God must do it, or it will remain undone. The good news of the Gospel is that death, which seals a man's irrevocable past, also seals the endless mercies of God.

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

The Nation State

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

THE instinct of organised power is always to legitimise its origins, in order not to rest upon the buttress of naked force. Machiavelli cynically remarked that all despots tried to hallow their authority with a divine halo. The cruder method of early kings was to trace their descent from a deity; thus combining directly both the sanctions of divine and hereditary right. Hardly a king in history exists but by the grace of God. Anointing with holy oil and similar ceremonies are meant to impress this delegation of power upon the minds of the people by a visible sacrament. Nor has the people been less ready to ascribe its own assumption of supreme power to a similar divine sanction. The proverbial assertion *Vox populi, vox Dei* has not perhaps even today lost the whole of its appeal. It is, however, plain that the more a sovereign is separated and distinct from his subjects, and the more his power rests upon force, open or disguised, the greater the necessity for it to be draped in these garments of soothing mysticism. It is therefore quite natural that for the last two hundred years or so the claim of power to be consecrated by divine authority has been less general and less vocal. The last monarchical rulers of Germany and Russia, however, were fond of proclaiming their divine mandate with a shrillness all the more insistent because of the atmosphere of growing anachronism which surrounded it.

Must the Will of the People Always Be Good?

The Nation State, on the other hand, may be held to justify its use of power by the mere fact of its existence. If a body of men act together in conscious co-operation to achieve a common purpose, it may be held that such an action is its own justification and needs no other. This is, of course, on the assumption that human beings are not capable of any higher or wider form of co-operation than exists in a Nation State. If a State is necessarily 'an end in itself' as the phrase goes, then the whole body of citizens willing that end in common may claim that their will is necessarily good, since it aims at the promotion of the good of the highest form of society of which man is capable. This is a lesson which may naturally be drawn from Rousseau's doctrine of *La Volonté Générale*. It follows then that in a sense a truly National State, where such a common will exists, is always and must always be an expression of popular sovereignty, whatever the constitution may be. Even in the case of a dictatorship armed with absolute power, it would be impossible to deny the sovereignty of the people, if it were clear that the people as a whole desired every act of absolutism as the full expression of their real will. The people which is convinced that it can express itself better through a dictator than through direct sovereignty or through responsible representatives seems to me to be clearly exercising sovereignty by allowing such a dictatorship. This is, of course, a dangerous paradox to play with. In the first place it is highly improbable that such a unanimity of national abnegation will be found.

It is far more probable that such absolute power will be placed in the dictator's hands by a dominant faction for the express purpose of crushing a minority. Further, it is easy to place a dictator in power on the assumption that he will carry out the nation's will. It is infinitely more difficult to dislodge him from his seat, when in possession of all the tremendous paraphernalia of coercion and propaganda which modern civilisation so lavishly and so dangerously provides.

Rousseau and the French Revolutionaries

Still, it is important to emphasise that the idea of nationality, or 'self-determination', to use the term made popular during the War by President Wilson, does not necessarily imply democracy. It is quite compatible with any form of government, which is held to embody the national idea. But none the less the process of creating and consolidating National States, which began with the French Revolution, and was carried on with such vigour and heroism during the middle of the nineteenth century, was in point of fact accompanied also by a similar progress towards democratic or at least responsible government. This was undoubtedly because the original impulse was given by Rousseau, who also passionately advocated as a matter of faith the adoption of the most extreme form of direct democracy. Rousseau was, as Burke remarked, the Bible of the French Revolutionaries. 'Him they study, him they meditate, him they turn over in the restless watches of the night'. In consequence the French Revolution taught the world the astonishing power of a nation conscious of its own unity, and expressing that unity through democratic forms.

Therefore it was natural that throughout the struggle of the next century the liberal and national movements in Europe should go hand in hand; not always identified, sometimes disputing between one another, yet recognising in each other the most potent allies.

The triumph of the national movement during the nineteenth century was no doubt far from complete, and historians have perhaps sometimes been inclined to put it into overdue prominence in comparison with the enormous though less spectacular economic revolution also working its way out. But it is true to say that by the outbreak of the War in 1914 the European State system was organised to such a degree upon a basis of nationality that the great survivals of the territorial Empire, Russia and Austria-Hungary, appeared conscious anachronisms. Germany and Great Britain stood between them and the pure examples of embodied nationality such as France and Italy. For while both Germany and Great Britain expressed in the main a tremendous national purpose of unity, the former had its Poles, Danes and Alsatians, the latter its southern Irish, to mar the harmony and completeness of the picture.

A National Purpose

It is obvious, therefore, that the National State must express some kind of homogeneity, which makes possible the expression of a united national purpose; which has enabled it to place burdens upon its citizens in the way of military conscription and taxation, from which the hardest of former despots would have shrunk; which has enabled it to demand of its citizens sacrifices and privations, probably exceeding those of all former wars known in history. It has been calculated that the men killed in battle during the fifty-two months of 1914-1918—the numbers are estimated at from 10 to 12 millions—exceeded all those who fell during all the European wars from the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 to 1914. It is further calculated that the number of civilian deaths during these fifty-two months was at least double that of the military, say, 24 or 25 millions. The inspiration of nationality, therefore, if not good, is at least of an extreme potency.

We must now, therefore, try to analyse the elements which go to its composition. It is, however, a very elusive compound and it is extremely difficult to find any invariable ingredient. It is, of course, true that for the National State a certain contiguous territory is necessary, though this is not necessary in order to keep a burning sense of nationality alive: witness the Jews, whose national characteristics may be said in some respects to be all the stronger for their secular dispersion through the world.

Moreover, if we consider the British Commonwealth of Nations as a National State—which is no doubt an arguable point—it has to be admitted that it possesses no contiguity of territory. Nor again does it possess any common constitution which one would naturally lay down as the requisite of any State, still more of a national one.

However, it is best to treat the British Commonwealth as an enigma and proceed to the analysis of more normal specimens. It has, of course, often been asserted, and never more loudly than today, that a National State rests upon an identity of race. The shape of skulls, the colour of hair and eyes have been passionately put forward as a test of nationality. This question of race is a technical one for anthropologists. Their conclusion, however, seems to be unanimous that none of the so-called National States of Europe represents any distinctive purity of race. Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean strains appear in different proportion to be the common ingredients of all, or almost all, European nations. You will no doubt have an opportunity later on in these talks of hearing the validity of the new German criterion of citizenship's 'Aryan' descent discussed: but it is very difficult to believe that it rests on scientific grounds. It is really a piece of Romanticism.

Still, though the idea of any national unity of race is a myth, it has, like many myths, exercised a great influence of a semi-mystical type, all the greater perhaps because it is not susceptible of proof.

Unity of Language

Generally speaking, however, the granite foundation of the National State has been unity of language. It is perfectly true that Switzerland remains the classic example of a strong national spirit, which appears rather to be completed than hindered by the three languages spoken within its borders. But it must be remembered that the physical geography of Switzerland makes it unique among European States; while the federal system of government allows the widest freedom to varieties of custom, culture and outlook. In Belgium the population is almost equally divided between Flemings and French-speaking Walloons. But here it can hardly be denied that this difference in language does in fact impair the national unity. It is rare for a population of alien language to seek incorporation in a National State whose tongue they do not share, and to reject political union with a State which speaks their own.

Alsace-Lorraine is the most famous instance of such a reversal of the normal law. In Alsace over 90 per cent. speak German and in Lorraine nearly 75 per cent. Yet the protest of the inhabitants against annexation to the German Empire in 1871 was both passionate and practically unanimous. While it may possibly be true that in 1914 the majority of the inhabitants would have preferred the Utopian solution of a guaranteed independence, yet they had in nowise settled down as a member of the German Reich. Their soldiers could not be safely used on the Western Front against France, and

in 1918 they welcomed the return after 48 years' absence with apparent enthusiasm.

Generally speaking, however, those who feel themselves to be fully identified with a National State tend insensibly to drop their own language, if different from that of the majority. In Great Britain Cornish has long been extinct, and the area of Welsh and Gaelic speakers, already greatly shrunken, tends still further to diminish. In Continental countries, conscription has been a powerful cause of unity of language.

It has generally also been the deliberate policy of the dominant language to try and universalise itself by propaganda and pressure if not by direct persecution. Such was the policy of pre-War Germany towards the Poles, and of Tsarist Russia towards the Baltic lands. Such has often been the policy crudely and even cruelly carried out of many post-War States towards their linguistic minorities. It redounds to the honour of France that she never tried directly or indirectly to stifle the German speech of the Alsations.

Professors Who Create Modern Nationality

Conversely one of the most potent methods of kindling a national spirit among a population unwillingly subjected to alien domination has been to blow upon the smouldering embers of a dying language, especially if that language embodied the glories of a former independence. Hence it has been said that Professors have been the most powerful instruments in creating modern nationality. They refurbished the language and taught it to the ardent young. In Greece, Bohemia, Lithuania and Ireland, to take but a few examples out of many, the revival of the language went hand in hand with the national movement. Here again the improvement in the standard of general education through the nineteenth century aided the growth of nationality. Newspapers could spread the appeal with greater force as soon as more people were capable of reading them. The dissemination of such ideas among the youth of the universities created an intelligentsia of ardent disciples.

Nor can it be doubted that a common language played a great part in the extraordinary way in which American nationality kept pace in growth with the immense and continuous growth of the population of the United States through immigration. The immigrants coming from every stock of Europe, often rude and illiterate, yet assimilated the new tongue with astonishing quickness. They had come out to seek a new and better society, and they understood that the best way to identify themselves with it was to learn its language.

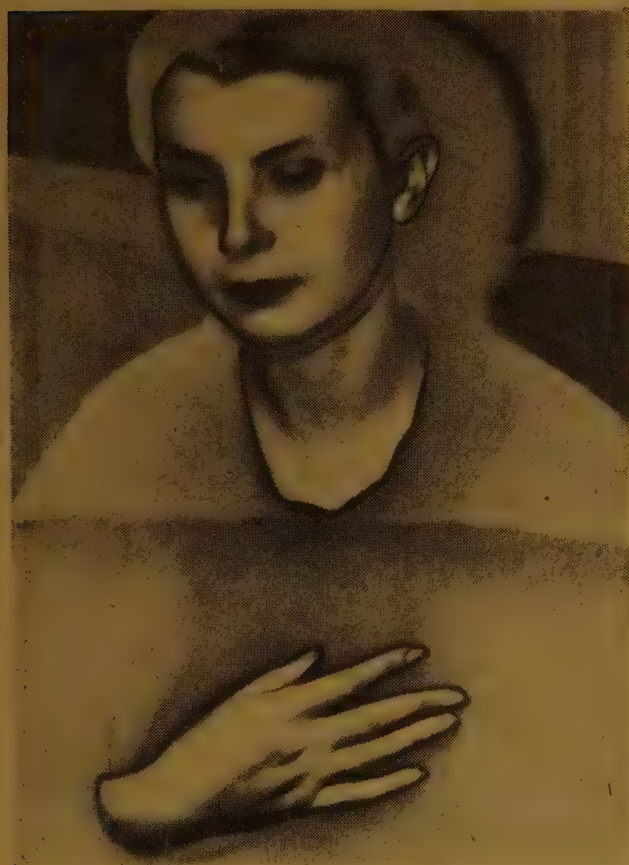
In short the linguistic bond seems to me to be far the most important of those which tie masses of men into national bundles. It does not necessarily create the original common purpose. The earliest impulse towards a National State no doubt came often from geography, or from a common economic environment. It was often welded by wars successfully fought in common under the triumphal sceptre of some absolute ruler. It was often again framed in a common Church, loyalty to which was imposed as a crucial test of loyalty to the State. Yet no one can doubt that at the time when a nation not merely perceives itself to be one, but is determined to carry out its purpose in common, unity of language has seemed the natural if not the inevitable expression of the national purpose.

Finally, it may be pointed out that one of the best practical tests of a National State is to enquire whether the political parties within it are irreconcilably opposed in principle to each other. If they are, then the extent to which they are irreconcilable is a falling short of the national ideal. Where all parties agree upon and are determined to work according to the principles of the constitution there a true National State exists, just because there is a true national purpose. The parties may, and doubtless will, differ very sharply within this frame as to the best methods of making the national purpose effective.

But they are likely to keep such differences within the area of peaceful discussion, and to be immune from revolution and civil strife. Since the death of Queen Anne, British politics have followed this course with a consistency and success which, as everyone knows, have no remote parallel elsewhere. It is at least plausible to suggest that such a State, nurtured on such internal precedents, is more likely to pursue a policy of reasonable conciliation towards its neighbours. Whether foreigners would allow that such has in fact been the result of Great Britain's internal harmony is no doubt another matter.

Man Ray

Examples from the exhibition of photography by Man Ray at Lund Humphries, 12 Bedford Square, W.C. 1, open till Dec. 8



Solarisation

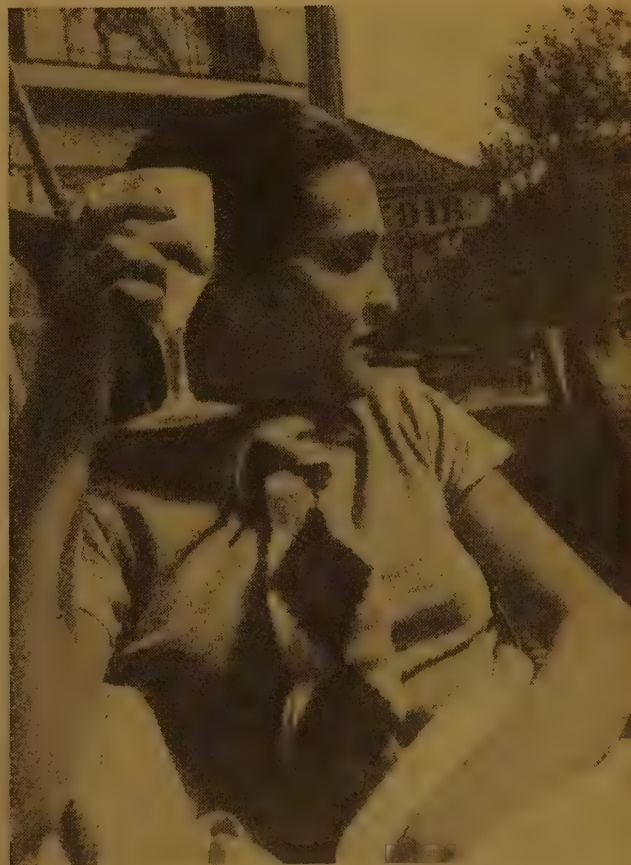
By courtesy of J. T. Soby



Rayograph



Earley



Photograph with enlarged grain

By courtesy of J. T. Soby



Vendôme Column, Paris



Hands—reversed print

By courtesy of J. T. Soby



Woman

By courtesy of J. T. Soby



Rayograph

A Tour Through Time and Space

The Furthest Depths of Space

By SIR JAMES JEANS

THROUGH a big telescope we can see the various members of our sun's family—the planets and their moons, asteroids, comets, and so on—and also the millions of stars I spoke of last week. Besides all these we see an entirely different class of objects—the dim, vague, fuzzy patches of light we describe as nebulae. A few of these are of the kind I have already described—enormous transparent atmospheres of luminous gas, each surrounding one very hot star which lights it up and makes it luminous. Others consist of clouds of gas and perhaps of dust which span the spaces between the stars, hundreds or thousands of stars often being enmeshed within a single nebula. These clouds are luminous in places, where they are lighted up by nearby stars. In other places they are opaque, often looking like black screens stretched over the heavens and blotting out the light of the stars behind them. The nebulae of both these kinds lie within our own star-city—the coin-shaped space of which I spoke last week. But besides these there is still a third kind of nebula. These nebulae are far larger and far more important

than the other two, but are so remote that they do not look conspicuous objects in the sky. Yet each of them contains thousands of millions of stars; each is itself a great city of stars, comparable in size to that to which our sun belongs, but at such an unthinkable great distance that it looks like a mere faint glow of light against the black background of empty space. Its faint glimmer is like that of the Milky Way, and is due to the same cause—innumerable stars, each too distant to be seen as an individual, combine to form a faint cloud of light.

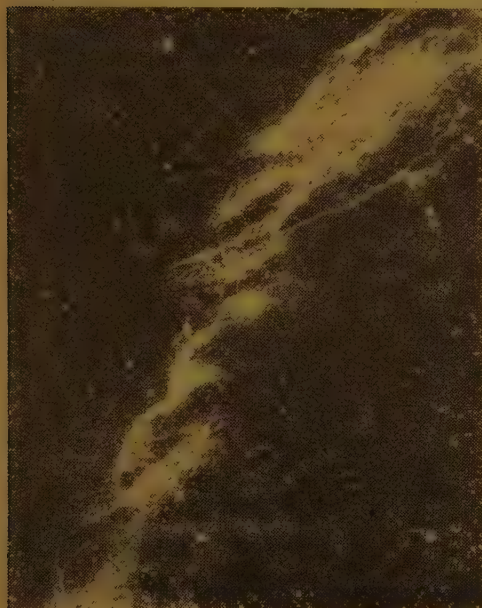
Only one or two of these nebulae can be seen with the unaided eye, but millions can be seen in a telescope. They are mostly flat in shape, like our own star-city, but they exhibit different degrees of flattening.

It seems likely that their flattening is produced by something of the nature of rotation—like the flattening of our own earth, or the flattening of our own star-city. Some of them are almost globular in shape, and these must be either rotating very slowly or not at all, since any substantial amount of rotation would necessarily flatten their shapes. Others, rotating rather more rapidly, are flattened to the shapes of our earth or Jupiter, while yet others are quite flat; many are as flat as cartwheels, and indeed look rather like a cartwheel in shape, with a greater thickness at the centre, like the hub of a wheel. Some of these can actually be observed to be in rotation. When the rate of rotation can be measured, it is possible to calculate the gravitational forces and estimate the total weight of the nebula.

Each is found to weigh as much as thousands of millions of stars, so that its weight is comparable with that of our own star-city.

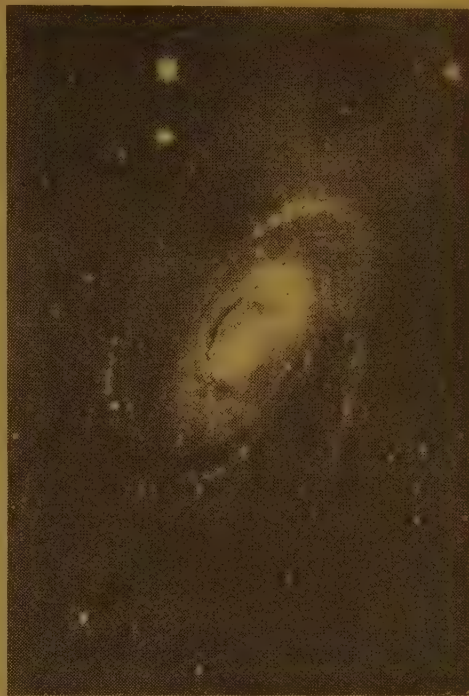
Stars can be seen in some, but not all, of these nebulae. Probably some of them do not consist of stars at all, but of some kind of primordial matter which will condense into stars in due course, but has not yet done so. In others, on the other hand, individual stars can be seen quite distinctly. Some of these stars are variable stars of the kind I described last week, and this makes it possible to estimate the distances of the nebulae in which they occur; you will remember I explained that all variable stars of any assigned period are standard articles, so that their faintness gives a measure of their distance.

Yet most of the nebulae are too remote for even these enormously powerful stars to be distinguished in them, so that we have to discover some new way of measuring their distances. Happily it is found that the great nebulae can themselves be treated as standard articles. All nebulae which are similar in shape give out about the same amount of radiation, so that again their faintness gives a measure of their distance. By such methods as these, we can tell how far away from us the various nebulae are. Two compete for the nearest place, both being at a distance of about 800,000 light-years; one is the Great Nebula in Andromeda, which can just be seen without a telescope; it appears to be a star-city with many resemblances to our own. Millions of these star-cities can be seen in a really big telescope, the star-population of each being comparable, at least, with the human population of the whole earth. The furthest which are visible are at distances of more than 100 million light-years. And deeper in space even than these there are doubtless millions of others, too remote to be seen at all, even

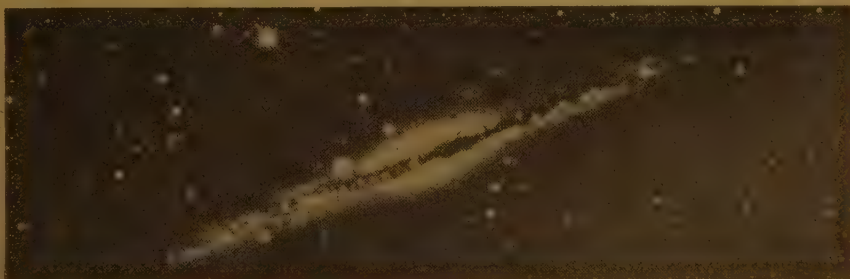


Nebula in Cygnus

A nebula in our own star-city—clouds of gas and dust lighted up by the stars inside it



One of the nearer star-cities in space—the nebula M81 in the constellation of the Great Bear



Another nebula (N.G.C. 891) of the 'star-city' type

This is probably of similar structure to M81 shown above, but is seen at such an angle that its characteristic cartwheel shape is immediately recognised

Photographs: Mount Wilson Observatory

in the largest of our telescopes. If there are two million of these star-cities within a distance of 100 million light-years, we may well wonder how many there are in the whole of space. It might at first seem natural to think that space would go on for ever, and so be of infinite extent. If nebulae were scattered through the whole of this space there would of course be an infinite number of nebulae. Yet it seems very improbable that such can be the case. For if there were an infinite number of nebulae scattered through space, their gravitational pull would be infinite at every point of space. Nothing would be able to stand against it; every star-city would immediately be torn in pieces, every star would start to move as an independent traveller through space at a speed which would for ever increase as the other stars pulled it about, until in an instant of time every star would be moving at the speed of light. Now, the universe of stars is a sufficiently exciting affair, but it is not quite as exciting as this, so that we can only conclude that there are not an infinite number of star-cities scattered through space.

How many, then, are there, and how are they arranged in space? Let me say at once, perfectly frankly, that I do not know the answer—and neither does anyone else. I shall not try to provide an answer to my own question so much as try to explain in what direction we believe the answer to lie.

Let us compare it with another question—how many towns of more than, say, 5,000 inhabitants are there on the whole surface of the earth? Suppose we wanted to find this out, but had no atlases or gazetteers or books on geography at our disposal. One plan would be to equip an observer with an aeroplane, and tell him to fly over the whole surface of the earth and count the towns from the air—this corresponds to trying to count the star-cities in space through a telescope. Imagine, however, that our observer came back after a time and explained that he had explored the whole of the earth's surface within 1,000 miles of home, but that his cruising radius was only 1,000 miles, and that up to the limits of his exploration, towns had still been occurring in great numbers, so that there were probably many more in the regions he had been unable to reach. This would correspond to the present state of our knowledge in astronomy; the cruising radius of 1,000 miles, of course, represents the range of vision of our largest telescope—about 100 million light-years, and there is no falling off of nebulae at the limits of vision.

What would the next step be? Some people might say, 'Well, it is quite clear that the surface of the earth must go on for ever, because I can't imagine its coming to an end anywhere, or anything stopping the flight of the aeroplane over it'. This would correspond to some people who say that space must go on for ever, because they can't imagine any limits to it. Others, of a more practical turn of mind, might set to work to devise an aeroplane with double the cruising radius of the old one. This corresponds to what the astronomers are actually doing; they hope soon to have a new telescope which will see at least twice as far into space as any at present in existence.

Let us, however, go back to our fictitious aeroplane story. We must imagine the observer setting out on his double-range aeroplane and again coming back. He would no doubt have discovered many new towns which had been quite beyond the range of the earlier aeroplane. But he might explain that he had not found quite as many as he had anticipated. He might reasonably have expected that doubling the range of his aeroplane would put four times as large an area of the earth under his observation, and so might have hoped to see four times as many towns. Yet he might say 'The towns were as close to one another as before, and yet I did not find four times as many towns as before. It looks as though the new area is not four times as big as the old area was'.

Suppose that, to test this, a new aeroplane was built with a cruising radius of 12,500 miles—twelve-and-a-half times that of the original plane.

We know what would happen. In round numbers the distance to the antipodes is only 12,500 miles, so that with a cruising radius of 12,500 miles our aviator would have the whole of the earth's surface under observation. But even the whole earth is a far smaller area than he would have had under observation if the earth's surface were a flat plane—less than half the area, in fact. Also, a further increase in his cruising radius will not increase the area the aviator can reach—it will only enable him to visit the same old areas by devious routes.

Now we get the best explanation of the observed phenomena

of nature by supposing that space is like this—not going on for ever, so that increasing our cruising radius continually opens up new regions of space for investigation, but curving back on itself, so that after a certain cruising radius has been reached, a further increase does not open up new realms of space because there are no new realms to open up, but merely provides us with new roads to realms already known. Just as we believe that there is no point on the earth's surface whose distance from London, by the most direct route, is more than 12,500 miles, so we believe that there is no point in space whose distance from the earth, by the most direct route, is more than a certain number of miles.

Now the question we would like to answer is, 'How many miles?' Various estimates have been made, although I think so far we have very little basis for making any estimate at all. One estimate is that the furthest point in space is about 6,000 million light-years away from us, about 60 times as far as the furthest nebulae we can see in our largest telescopes. This means that, even with these telescopes, we can only see about a 40,000th part of the whole of space. In this tiny fraction of space, we can see about 2,000,000 star-cities, so that we can conjecture, although we cannot know, that there may be about 40,000 times two million star-cities in the whole of space—80,000 million star-cities, each containing about as many stars as there are people on the face of the earth. Other estimates make space many hundreds, and even thousands of times larger even than this, with of course a corresponding increase in the number of star-cities. In any case it is a big universe, and the total number of stars in all these star-cities is something immense. It is not much good giving an actual number, but whatever the number is it probably consists of 21—possibly even of 22 or 23—digits. One way of picturing the total number of stars to ourselves is by comparing it to the number of grains of sand on all the sea-shores of the world. And in this picture our home in space, the solid earth on which we stand, is a millionth part of a grain of sand. Another way is to imagine the whole population of the world—every man, woman and child in Europe, Asia, Africa and America—set to work to count the stars. Suppose each person worked 12 hours a day and counted 100 a minute. By the end of a century they would barely have started on their task; the complete count would be a matter of thousands, perhaps millions of years. Our whole solar system would provide occupation for one individual for a little more than half a second.

There is not time to explain the reasons why we think space is curved in this way, or why we think it is of about the size I have stated. But if things are as we think, certain phenomena ought to be observed, and broadly speaking, they all are observed; I can only indicate one of the most interesting of them. When we blow a soap-bubble on a pipe, it may wobble a bit before coming to rest. The pressure of air inside tends to expand it, while the elastic tension of the soap-film tends to contract it. It may take some little time to find the exact balance between these two opposing tendencies—first it is a little too large, then a little too small, until finally it hits the happy mean where the two tendencies are in perfect balance.

Now we can compare space to the soap-bubble—not to the air inside it, or to the air outside it, but to the film of soap itself. But there is this difference; that the soap film can rest in perfect balance between its two opposing tendencies, whereas the space film cannot. If space is as we think, it must be always either expanding or contracting. There must be currents in space, and these ought to carry the nebulae about with them, much as air-currents in a room carry particles of dust with them. Now this precisely describes what seems to be happening to the nebulae. Space seems to be expanding, just as our soap-bubble expands if we blow more air into it, and as it does so the nebulae are naturally dragged further and further apart. In fact, if space is as we think, all the nebulae ought to be moving away from us with speeds precisely proportional to their distances, so that those furthest away would move fastest. This is exactly what we find. The most distant nebulae that we can see are, so far as we can tell, receding from us at terrific speeds of about a million miles a minute—just within the last few weeks one has been observed moving at 1,500,000 miles a minute, about one-and-a-half million times the speed of an express train—while the nearer ones are receding at speeds which are smaller in proportion to their distances, although, of course, still immensely large. If we trace these motions backwards in time, we shall find that some time

between 10,000 and 100,000 millions of years ago, all the nebulae must have been packed into a much smaller space than now. Whether this time was the beginning of things we do not know, but since then the pieces of the universe have been flying apart—rather like the fragments of a shell which has exploded on a battlefield. We are clinging on to one of the flying fragments—it is our vast star-city of 100,000 million stars or more, which floats about in the currents of space as a speck of dust floats about in the air of a room. And every star in this great city of stars, and every star in the millions of other star-cities as well, has had energy enough stored up inside

itself to pour out vast and continuous torrents of radiation—often hundreds of thousands of horse-power from each square inch of its surface—through this long period of tens of thousands of millions of years—possibly for a period hundreds of times longer even than this. If it is impossible to form any real conception of the immense size of the universe, it is even more impossible to form any conception of its vast stores and outpourings of energy. Yet these constitute the central feature of the astronomer's picture of the universe; we can only wonder as to the meaning of that other strange inconspicuous feature we describe as life.

Education

The Practical Child and the Bookworm

By KURT HAHN

Mr. Hahn, well-known as the co-founder of the Salem Schools on the shores of Lake Constance, is now Headmaster of Gordonstoun School, Morayshire

I WAS once present at a Conference of Masters, where individual cases were being discussed. The meeting was presided over by Doctor Carl Reinhardt who, next to Kerschensteiner, was the greatest teacher in my country. One schoolmaster made the remark 'I have no faith in this boy'. Doctor Reinhardt said to him 'Then you have no right to educate him'. What he meant was that each boy or girl entrusted to our care had a self worthy of realisation and a self capable of serving a purpose which goes beyond his or her personal happiness. 'Grow to be what you are' was the motto of his life's work.

Now what are you all: bookworms and practical children, gangsters and sluggards, fighters and forgivers, explorers and dreamers, builders and jesters? Must we tolerate and nurture you all until you have developed and expressed your manifold and incompatible selves?

I will try and give three answers to this question as they should be given by three different schools of thought. You will not find their doctrines propounded on University Chairs, but they form the basis, though often the unconscious basis, for the systematic practice both of parents and teachers. These systems may bear quite a different label—you can only get at the governing principle behind them if you probe to its foundation a practical decision of this or that parent or educator, and if, in this process, you are as persistent as Socrates in asking why.

I will call the three views of education the Ionian view, the Spartan view, the Platonic view. These are convenient but perhaps misleading abbreviations. (When I speak of the Ionian view, I am thinking of the reputation for softness and self-indulgence the Ionians had in the fifth century B.C.) The first believes that the individual ought to be nurtured and humoured regardless of the interests of the community. This is the Ionian view. According to the second the individual may and should be neglected for the benefit of the State. This is the Spartan view. The third, the Platonic view, believes that any nation is a slovenly guardian of its own interests if it does not do all it can to make the individual citizen discover his own powers. And it further believes that the individual becomes a cripple from his or her own point of view if he is not qualified by education to serve the community.

To illustrate the Ionian answer I shall speak of an infant school in New York, but may I guard myself against the suspicion of making invidious national distinctions? These would indeed be grossly unfair; every country harbours the Ionian, the Spartan and the Platonic type of schoolmaster. Now to this experimental nursery school in New York. It is for children from half-a-year onwards to about two years. All possible varieties of wholesome foods are gathered together in an attractive cafeteria. Each child is carefully watched in his tastes and the children are allowed to crawl about and to feed to their delight on what they like when they feel inclined. They are never made or encouraged to feed on food of which they disapprove. Now let us translate these methods into the realm of mental food. After reading and writing has been mastered, we are asked carefully to study the child's inclinations and regard them as an infallible revelation of his true self. Your bookworm must have all the books he wants; your practical child all the tools; the one a minimum of books and the other

no tools. A boy reared on this pattern came to me at the age of fifteen; he was learned and thirsting for knowledge. His contemporaries persuaded him that the way to milk a cow was to turn the horn like a handle. He tried. I have also had boys who felt faint and 'were all over shivers' when called upon to think of things they could not see or smell or touch. As the old ballad says: 'I sent him to school but he would na' learn; I gave him books but he would na' read'. You can call both these types worthy of preservation and humour and flatter them by your cafeteria methods so that the bookworm and the dunce never feel the sting of defeat and therefore never have occasion to realise what cripples they are.

Commonsense and the public spirit equally revolt against this 'besmearing of the young with the ointment of flattery'. But there is no need for us to denounce the flatterer in the name of states and nations. We can prove to him that he does not even serve the individual; for inclinations and disinclinations, however intense their manifestation, will not necessarily reveal the true self. They are often the products of innate or acquired physical deficiencies or of accidental happenings or misguided parental and tutorial activities.

I know a boy whose sympathy and power of observation had become atrophied by short-sightedness too late discovered. When he got spectacles his interest in his surroundings immediately flared up. I think of another boy who lacked resiliency in face of all obstacles until his flat feet were cured, and a third one who shrank from any test of strength until the muscles of his arms were built up by rope-climbing continued over many years.

I know of young men who could never acquire a taste that comes to stay—in the nursery they were allowed to make a fuss when their milk was only a little too hot; nobody objected if they snarled when they felt jealous; as soon as a job got prickly they were allowed to abandon it, until defeatism became a cantankerous habit of the mind, turning their tastes into distastes the moment patient and painful effort was called for.

Or allow me to relate the case of a man who as a boy acquired an early hero-worship for his history master, and for whom the science master was Public Enemy No. 1. He subsequently studied history at a university and was rescued by severe bronchial trouble sending him to the land. He became one of the leading cattle-breeders of the continent and wrote the standard work on the loosening of the soil.

I am thinking of two cases where Salem failed, being deceived in the one case by the propensities of the boy and in the other case by his apparent aversions. We had a wild and restless boy with us with whom the lust of adventure was steadily growing until it acquired the strength of a drug habit. We could only think of him as a flying officer or sea captain or some adventurous explorer, until at the age of eighteen an unexpected period of enforced and prolonged loneliness brought out a rare and wonderful gift for sculpture, too late to develop into the *grande passion* Providence meant it to be. He is now on his way to becoming a flying officer and deflected from his true self by the lure of the dramatic, which in the early days of Salem dominated our community life too much. You can see his statue of Christ in that fine school the Caldecott Community, in Kent.

The second boy acquired a horror of music when, in the



Boys of Gordonstoun School at training exercises on the shores of the Moray Firth

Photograph by the Author

rough period of his early adolescence, he was called upon to admire songs of Schubert rather too skittishly recited by musical ladies. He consequently shammed being unmusical, all the time longing to play and sing and finding it now too late to learn.

Perhaps some of you still remember the Rhodes Scholar whom we knew in 1911 as a high jumper and a player of baseball in the parks on Sunday, otherwise rather lazy but possessing a golden sense of humour. He became a mediocre lawyer in the Middle West until the World War made him a coastguard on the east coast of America where he had much opportunity to look at the stars. He is now one of the two or three greatest astronomers of the world.

Lastly let me turn to any of my hearers. Do you not know among your acquaintances men and women of great promise which will forever remain unfulfilled owing to many timidities and hesitations acquired in childhood? And I am sure that you will suspect many more of harbouring a promise which is doomed never even to be discovered.

Now let us pause and sit in judgment over these numerous cases. Some of these children have come into their own, but they have done so through accidents and that in spite of their educators; or they have failed to do so and they have failed through their educators, who with the best of intentions were misled as to their true selves by the early manifestation of this or that propensity or aversion.

Now the Spartan answer. Your Spartan headmaster will lead you through his day- or public-school and point out to you in not inconsiderable numbers two victorious and radiant types of boys; the one the scholar, the other the athlete. They stand out from the mass of their rather inky and slouchy contemporaries who, to judge from their looks and gestures, do not seem to have discovered their right of existence.

Now let us come to grips with our Spartan headmaster. 'What are you doing for the many?' He will answer, 'I am not so much interested in them; you see, I am a national institution and care more for the needs of my country than for those of the individual. I have two filters, the one exams: and the other games. Who passes both, has he not the making of a real leader of men? Do we not single him out in justice to himself and in justice to his country?'

Our answer is, 'What passes your filters is good, but what does not pass may be better but may never know it, nor will you ever know it'. Take the case of a tenacious dreamer who cannot learn until rather late how to switch off his mind from one subject to be mastered, to another to be equally well mastered, for his Common Entrance or early scholarship exam. He is, moreover, a slow developer, and if you hustle him you wound him, but there is the age limit and you must hustle him.

Or take the case of the practical boy, whose passion for all

he can see and finger and pull to pieces and rebuild makes him abhor books of all kinds, perhaps until one day he finds out that even his passion cannot be sustained without books, and he will then learn to master them, but not until he is too old for gaining distinction in his school.

Now, our Spartan headmaster will say, 'We are doing a lot for boys and girls who want to go off the usual beat—look at the number of hobbies we allow or even encourage. We have a film society, we keep rabbits, we collect butterflies, we run a school magazine, we have a hiking and railway club; they may sit alone in the Chapel when they have leisure and they can build

aeroplanes'. My retort is, 'What time and nervous strength have these children to spare for their hobbies?' And I further ask, 'Do these hobbies occupy a place of importance and dignity in your community life? Does not the word "hobby" really preclude this?' Your builder and your explorer, your actor and your musician, your painter and all the rest, in order to feel that they not only have the right to exist but that there is a purpose in their existence, must sense a public assent, and this assent is like a good wind behind a weary runner, helping him over periods of self-distrust and fatigue.

I remember a boy once told me that when he was small he always lay awake in the evenings quite a long time dreaming of how one day his grateful patients would come and bring him flowers. I am confident that many a proud and lone lance, many a despoiser of the profane crowd, many a sceptic and cynic are longing for just such flowers. We cannot, therefore, allow our Spartan headmaster to console himself with the multiplicity of the hobbies which he allows. In order that those many and varied interests should protect and sustain the vitality and self-confidence of our children we must demand that the boys feel it is as important for the purpose of the school to build for it, to organise for it, to economise for it, as it is to win a Balliol scholarship for the school or to play at Lord's.

If our headmaster is really honest—and he generally is—this will be his reply: 'Between ourselves, are these weird creatures, are all these cranks, really worthy of you and me taking all this trouble?'

It is here that we launch our main attack. Take the case of three youngsters: No. 1 is almost unnerved by seeing the wounded. No. 2 asks to be excused from his first battle. No. 3 tried twice to commit suicide. Have you room in your school for this type of boy? The answer is in the negative. And then we say 'Your school is no treasure-house for your nation'. No. 1 was Hindenburg. No. 2 was Frederick the Great. No. 3 was Lord Clive. Only after the pistol had misfired twice did Clive feel that God meant him to do something in this world.

To give the child this feeling of faith in his or her destiny is our business, and above all to give it to the easily wounded boys, many of whom can be made into fine citizens by an upbringing which hardens and spares them at the same time. The school is in a position to do so by discovering and satisfying the *grande passion* latent in every one. The Spartan and the Ionian headmaster both frustrate their own objects—the one damages his precious individual; the other serves his God, the State, very badly.

I now come to what I call the Platonic school of education. If I use Salem, the school in which I worked, as an illustration, I do so to give a concrete example. Nothing was original in Salem. We cribbed and copied from many sources: from Plato, from Dr. Arnold of Rugby, from Eton, from Abbotsholme, from Hermann Lietz, from Fichte, and from Wilhelm

Meister. It is true we had the inspiration of the founder, Prince Max of Baden. But we did not believe in originality in education nor in experiments on human beings. Nor do I sympathise with the continental gentleman who refused to be vaccinated because Jenner was an Englishman. Moreover, I must admit that Salem fell short of its aspirations on some important issues which are better handled in Salem now and in some other German schools, and I could name old and new English schools which are succeeding where we failed in the past. After having thus qualified the use of the word 'Salem' I shall put before you seven Salem laws meant to do justice both to the community and to the individual child.

The first law: Put them all into sensible dress which does not hide their limbs. I consider the early-Victorian school garb not only ugly but positively deforming, because it does not engender that pride in physical fitness which is necessary for the preservation of physical fitness.

The second law: Build up the physical fitness of every child under your care. You can teach practically all boys to run, to jump and to throw. They ought to do it all the year-round four or five times a week. In 90 per cent. of the cases you will help them that way to become resilient, quick of resolution and able to tap their hidden reserves. Many of them do not like their training at first; nearly all do in the end. I should think as little of asking them whether they want to train, as I should think of asking them whether they feel in the mood to brush their teeth. The headmaster of a great school said the other day, 'Self-expression must be preceded by self-discipline'. I think he is right. Self-discipline really is the condition of self-expression.

The third law: Restrict games to two days a week; make them compulsory on these two days and prohibit them on all other days, weekdays and on Sundays.

The fourth law: Make games important but not predominant. Dethrone them by giving colours only for a proved sense of responsibility so that the star athlete may find himself playing in a match without wearing the school colours.

The fifth law: Give the children opportunities of self-discovery. Every boy and girl has a *grande passion*; often hidden and unrealised to the end of life. The educator cannot hope and he may not try to find it out by psycho-analytical methods. Nor will the inclinations of a child necessarily be a true guide. The *grande passion* can and will be revealed by the child coming into close touch with a number of different activities. When a child has come into its own you will hear a shout of joy or be thrilled by some other manifestation of primitive happiness. But these activities must not be added as a super-structure to an exhausting programme of lessons and games. They will have no chance of absorbing and bringing out the child unless they form a vital and dignified part of the community life. The wholesome passion once discovered grows to be 'the guardian angel' of the years of adolescence, while the undiscovered and unprotected boy rarely maintains his vitality unbroken and undiluted from eleven to fifteen. We do not hesitate to say: often the spiritual difference in age between a boy of fifteen and a boy of eleven is greater than of a man of fifty and a boy of fifteen.

The sixth law: Make the children meet with triumph and defeat. After you have replenished their tanks of vitality, by discovering and maintaining their strength, but not before, you should tackle their weaknesses. It is possible to wait on a child's inclinations and gifts and to arrange carefully for an unbroken series of successes. You may make him or her happy that way—I doubt it—but you certainly cripple him for the battle of life. It is our business to plunge the children into enterprises in which they are likely to fail and we may not hush up their failure; but we should teach them to overcome defeat. 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life'. So your bookworm must be sent to the workshop and your practical child must have his power of logical thought trained. You can train intelligence like a muscle. Success in the sphere of one's weaknesses is often as great a source of satisfaction as triumph in the sphere of one's talents.

The seventh law: Provide periods of silence, following the precedent of both the Quakers and the monasteries. Only that way a child can be enabled to glean the harvest from his manifold experiences.

I know that after what I have said the question will be put to me, 'How can a day school ever hope to build up the enthralling community life which you demand?' My answer is 'The day school can be a trainer of character and a discoverer of *grandes passions* in exactly the same way as a boarding school, but only on the following conditions.

The masters must introduce the eight hours' day—also on Saturdays—but they ought not to teach for more than, at the utmost, sixteen teaching periods a week. The remainder of their time and energy should be devoted to inspiring and sustaining practical, artistic and scientific activities of the pupils. Saturday afternoons could be devoted to excursions and theatricals and other common enterprises. It is of course necessary that their previous training qualifies them for such responsibilities.

The secondary school should be placed in parks or at the outskirts of towns so that there is access to the open country. American example has proved that the transport question is solvable.

The home experiences could be to a certain extent controlled by the training plan, which should protect the day boy against smoking and drinking, reading undesirable books, indiscriminate hearing of wireless, too frequent visits to the cinema, too late hours, etc. In fact the boy with a training plan can carry the atmosphere of his school community to his home, as the diver carries his atmosphere to the bottom of the sea.

I do not think the time of the public schools has passed, but the time is coming when educational communities, in beautiful houses and amid health-giving surroundings, will have to be part of the life of their neighbourhood. We have much to learn from the secondary schools, but they in turn will perhaps make use of the methods of character-training which I think are demonstrated in many public schools today. The modern young have a pasture which is sour. But education can clean it up. Allow me to close with Plato's words:

'We would not have our children grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul; our youth should dwell in the land of health, amid fair sights and sounds: and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will meet the sense like a breeze, and insensibly draw the soul even in childhood into harmony with a beauty of reason'.

Outlaw

I know no name
for a cat in the dark
a moon through glass,
a shattered pane
no name
for a house in decay.

By day
the cat on the mat
the moon at night,
the light in the eye,
the house and home,
to ghosts gone.

K. J. RAINE

Epilogue

Each shall resign his part
in this ironic theme, where apes
and parrots flourish; years
divide the stream, at last all courses dry;
and like an evening driven westward, closed
in by low hills expanding to the sky,
shall feel his destiny, though incomplete,
is better so, so better left, laid by.

EDGAR FOXALL

Poverty in Plenty

The Necessity of Planning

By BARBARA WOOTTON

IT is the stock complaint against economists that no two of them can ever agree. But I think that those of you who have listened to the earlier talks in this series will admit that all who have spoken so far about Poverty in Plenty are of one mind about one thing. They have all agreed that, whatever else may be at fault, it is not fundamentally the plenty itself that is to blame. They will not have us be so dazzled with visions of plenty as to believe that our troubles arise from the possibility that everybody's wants are, or might very easily be, absolutely satiated.

I want to begin by rubbing that in. Of course we are not satiated. Think of the things that you would get, if they could be had for the asking. Think of the unsatisfied wants of our own unemployed, of the populations of Eastern Europe or of the Far East—and it will be plain enough that to make a nightmare out of plenty is just the work of an hysterical imagination. Even if we were all fully employed and worked our hardest, even if all the machinery that now stands idle were going full steam ahead, even if the fullest use were made of all the most up-to-date inventions—we should still be far from able to give everybody in the world everything that he would like to have.

A Crisis of Sale

No, this is not a crisis of plenty. It is a crisis of sale. Things are produced, but they cannot be sold. And they cannot be sold because buyers and sellers cannot agree about prices. On the one hand farmers, manufacturers, shopkeepers, lament the fall in prices; while on the other hand you and I think wistfully of the things we would like to have if only we could afford to pay for them. If cars could be bought for half-a-crown and run for a shilling a week, hundreds of thousands of imprisoned town-dwellers would be spending their week-ends in the country, as the more fortunate few already do. If the manufacturers and sellers of motor-cars could find a way of achieving this apparent miracle, there would be an end of so-called over-production in the motor trade. Any market is limited, to be sure; but it is limited in the last resort only by the prices charged in it.

Now, under our traditional economic system, this business of producing, pricing and selling, or trying to sell, is carried on in a way which is at once very simple and very complicated. It is simple in the sense that it is not, except incidentally, subject to any elaborate and comprehensive planning or control. As workers, investors, farmers, business men, City magnates, we all try to squeeze ourselves, or our money, into some corner of the economic system where we think we shall get paid for doing so. But we leave to chance the enormous number of contracts that have to be made, of parties who have to come to terms before, say, the sheep that someone is rearing on Australian pastures appear in the 'cut from the joint and two veg.' of some worker in London or Leeds who takes his dinner out. The system is simple in the sense that none of us bothers about more than the smallest part of its complications. But with so many links in every chain the complications are there, right enough, as Mr. Brand emphasised a fortnight back; and as we see when a change in the prices charged by the refrigerating companies, or the British railways, or the London butchers suddenly puts that cut from the joint out of the question for that worker in London or Leeds; and so makes good food swell the pile that bears the hateful and misleading label 'over-production'.

Now, when we come to think of it, it is, I suggest, more amazing that a system, which is so complicated and yet so innocent of deliberate and organised planning, should work at all than that it should sometimes break down. Every time that anybody gets a job, or buys a pound of sausages, or goes to the movies, his doing so implies that thousands of contracts involving purchase, sale and prices have been made, or are expected to be successfully made, between thousands of individuals and firms that he knows nothing about, scattered perhaps all over the world. Is not the real cause for astonishment the fact that this comes off as often as it does? I do not

think that we can be surprised to find that it will only do so if certain conditions are fulfilled.

Why the Old System Worked

Let us have a word about some of those conditions. Some are economic; some are, rather, psychological. On the economic side, for example, the system requires a certain ruthlessness. If anybody makes a bad bargain he must take the consequences. If money is invested and workers employed in enterprises which turn out to be unprofitable, these enterprises must be liquidated, and other, and more profitable, lines explored instead. The system allows no room for throwing good money after bad. Again, on the psychological side it will only work if people believe in it, and act on the assumption that other people believe in it also. It was, indeed, on the basis of such beliefs that the great economic progress of last century was achieved. The beneficent circles of cheapness and plenty, plenty and cheapness, were conceived of as spreading themselves all over the world in ever widening range. We believed that there was no end to the possibilities of living by taking in one another's washing. And with these beliefs were associated such essential qualities of an individualistic society as enterprise, initiative, readiness to face risks and to cut losses.

But for one reason or another these conditions are not present in anything like the same degree today. Instead of the ruthless march of success over the body of failure, there has grown up a tendency to compensate—and so no doubt also to perpetuate—failure. If the British farmer cannot profitably grow sugar beet upon the crumbling cliffs of Norfolk, the taxpayer comes to the rescue and makes good his losses. If the American farmer is ruining himself and his neighbour by growing crops and raising livestock on his land, along comes the Government and rents that land, in order to make quite sure that no such unfortunate use, nor indeed any other use, is made of it. And instead of the limitless possibilities of growing wants and mutual enrichment by production and exchange, we think rather in terms of limited markets and how best to exploit them; how to make things scarce and dear, instead of how to make them cheap and abundant.

In many ways, perhaps, it is a good thing that the old conditions have passed away. The ruthlessness of unrestricted competition and so-called free enterprise have been responsible for monstrous cruelties and injustices. Personally I shall be glad to see the back of *them* at any rate. But that is not the point. The point is not whether we regret or welcome the passing of the conditions that made the old unplanned order possible. The point is the fact that, whether we like it or no, they are passing.

That is what makes it imperative now to take control of events and deliberately plan our economic life. Things will no longer look after themselves. Consequently, the alternatives are either to plan, or to be ruined by our very riches. And I think that most of us would have too much pride, not to speak of commonsense, to choose the latter—simply to sit by and starve because we are afraid to tackle the problem of supplying one another with the things that are the material basis of life, of comfort and of variety. Surely it would be better to have tried and have failed than never to have tried?

Plans to Stop Plenty are Bad Plans

That does not mean, of course, that all plans are equally good, just because they are plans. The word 'plan' is, indeed, becoming so fashionable that we are sometimes in danger, I think, of letting it run away with us; with the result that we fall flat before anything that can be described by it. But that is an attitude that we should never adopt in any other sphere of life. If you do not get on with your mother-in-law, you may plan to control your feelings, or you may plan to murder her, or you may plan to be out whenever she is likely to call. All those are plans, but I hardly think that many of us would regard them as being all equally meritorious. So with the economic system also. It is necessary to discriminate between plans and plans. And here I want to refer to what I said at the beginning. If it is

true that this is a crisis of sale and exchange, and not a crisis of plenty at all, then it follows that every plan which is predominantly concerned with trying to stop the plenty is a bad plan. I do not say that it may not be legitimate to curtail the output of a few industries for which the demand is likely to be relatively less in the future than in the past. But I do say that the instances in which this is the proper course are far fewer than we often believe; and that all restriction is improper, unless it is part of a wider plan of which the main part is concerned with expansion, and with the increase and wide diffusion of plenty.

That is why we need to be very much on the alert about many plans that are already being put into effect and heralded with enthusiasm as the beginnings of a new and planned economic order. Such, for example, is the plan under which the growers of tea have agreed to restrict new planting on their estates, and to keep the supply of tea on the market, for the present at any rate, well below its pre-slump level. Such are the similar schemes of international scope for restricting the production of rubber, or of tin, or of wheat. Such, in a small way, is the scheme which makes you liable to a fine in this country if you grow potatoes or hops beyond your permitted quota. My own criticism of these plans is the simple one that they begin at the wrong end; that they attempt to put an end to poverty in plenty by putting an end to plenty.

Planning Must Be on a National Scale

And the reason why that happens is not far to seek. It is that all these plans are framed from the point of view of one particular industry alone. Now, of course, any single industry or group of industries always tends to gain by establishing a monopoly and making its products scarce and expensive. There is always a chance that one person or group may score successfully off others; but it is never possible, and it would hardly be advantageous if it were, for everybody simultaneously to score off everybody else. If I were the only person in this country capable of broadcasting on economic topics I am sure that I should be able to extract astonishingly good terms out of the B.B.C. for the privilege of employing me to do so. But I do not flatter myself that this method of winning prosperity for myself would be to the public advantage.

That enables us, I think, to lay down at least minimum con-

ditions which our plans must satisfy. They must, on balance at any rate, be plans for development, for growth, for organising and increasing abundance and not for putting a stop to it; and they must be reviewed as a whole, so that they do not degenerate into a mere jumble of vested interests in which the success of every part is inconsistent with the success of every other. That means, I think, that economic planning ought to be done at least on the national scale—that there should be some body of nation-wide authority charged with the duty of constructing a plan for the whole country, or at least with the duty of reviewing all our partial plans—plans for housing, plans for the relief of distressed areas, agricultural marketing plans, and so on, so as to make sure that they fit together, and that it is the public, and not merely sectional interests, that they are built to serve; and to ensure above all that we never forget that plenty is a fine thing, and that to attempt to suppress it is a most miserable confession of failure.

Positive nation-wide planning for expansion is, of course, at present attempted only in Soviet Russia. I cannot speak in detail of that here, but the mention of it prompts me, in conclusion, to remind you of some of the astonishing paradoxes of our present world. If you had been living in Germany recently, you would have found decrees continually being enacted, making it a punishable offence to introduce any new plant or open any new factories in one industry after another—paper-making, jute manufacture, sections of the hosiery industry, and many others. Then you might get into the train and some forty hours later you would wake up in Moscow. And there you would find yourself continually hearing of cases of factory managers and others being subjected to penalties, because the output of the works with which they were associated had fallen short of the planned schedule. And you might well ask yourself what to make of a world in which the one part tries to create prosperity by stopping production and the other part by driving it on. And perhaps you would recall the saying ascribed to the Russian Communist leader Stalin (whether he ever said this or not I do not know) to the effect that in the Soviet Union the whole is planned and every detail is chaos, whereas in the rest of the world every detail is planned and the whole is chaos. After which I think you would ask yourself whether it is not time that somebody set about planning, and planning intelligently, both for the whole and for the details.

Roosevelt the Experimentalist

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

Extracts from a talk by Commander King-Hall, broadcast on his return from America

YOU must remember that the New Deal is two things. Firstly, it is an ethical conception; a crusade; a determination to make America a better place, a land without what the President calls 'forgotten men' in it. In its ethical conception the New Deal is still very much what it has always been, though it is true to say that the average American is prepared to admit that the New Deal may be quite aged by the time the last card is dealt, and especially among the younger people there is still a feeling that a general clean-up of American life was shown to be necessary by the events of the crisis, and they feel that Roosevelt is the man to do the job.

But in addition to its idealistic side, the New Deal is also a programme for economic recovery, and this picture of the New Deal has changed, is changing and is likely to go on changing. The practical side of the New Deal is in search of recovery, and recovery, like the end of the rainbow, has not been easy to locate. The New Deal has been growing less radical and more orthodox of late; it has been showing a tendency to give up pursuing the rainbow down the paths of monetary experiments and the control of production and prices; the New Deal has been retreating to see if the rainbow's end will then come towards it. It has been retreating in order to regain touch with the bankers and industrialists who have no confidence in radical economic experiments.

Now, although the Republicans suffered a shattering defeat, in that 68 out of 96 Senators and 323 out of 435 representatives in the New Congress will be Democrats, it is worth remembering that this result was produced by 15 million voting Democrat against 13 million voting Republican ticket. The makings of an Opposition are there, but the Opposition has no programme and

it has no man. What they are anxiously looking round for is someone of presidential timbre; the search is being very eagerly pursued, but although several names have been mentioned, I think their best friends would be shy of putting them up against Roosevelt in front of the microphone. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the value to the President and his policies of his first-class microphone manner. His fireside talks must sway millions of votes. He is absolutely on top of the political situation; I can only think of one recent parallel, and that was Mr. Lloyd George when he was at the height of his influence, and even many Republicans who hate the New Deal do not like to criticise Roosevelt.

It is pretty clear that if one could read Roosevelt one could read the immediate future of America, and as the future of America is of great importance to all of us it is necessary to attempt the task of reading the riddle of the White House. His personal charm is well known; I was privileged to experience its fascination, and I made a point of asking men who had known him for many years what the President is really like as a statesman. Some of these men were his political friends, others his political enemies, and here is my conclusion.

President Roosevelt is an unpredictable man because he is an experimentalist. America, which is now emerging from the pioneering stage, does not mind an experimentalist as her chief executive. When Great Britain gave the National Government a Doctor's Mandate in 1931, it was pretty certain that whatever remedies the doctors tried they would all be found in the British Pharmacopoeia, whereas, when Roosevelt took over America in crisis, he was free to try the orthodox drugs, hypnotic treatment, faith-healing, manipulative surgery, every and

any means to banish old man depression from the American body economic. The Republicans would say that he has created his own medicines, much as did the commanding officer of a destroyer in the War, who is alleged to have made good a shortage of Admiralty pills No. 7 by mixing 3 and 4.

But it is the essence of Roosevelt's policy that it should not be static, that it should reflect at any given moment the expectations of the general mass of American people, and they, like the ancient Greeks, are very fond of new things. In his present position, it is almost true to say that political inconsistency is a high political virtue. American mass opinion—so far as it is fair to say America has such a thing—has been and is moving away

from radicalism and daring experimentation, the elections notwithstanding. The votes which put what may be a radical Congress into office were also votes for the only man in America who can go to the microphone and tell America that the day of heavier taxation is approaching; the only man who can keep a radical Congress from dangerously advanced legislation. That apparent inconsistency is in the tradition of American democracy. You give power, but simultaneously you fit the brakes.

I venture to forecast that the Republicans need not be too concerned in their search for a leader until they are certain that Roosevelt will not be his own Opposition in the Presidential elections of 1936. His opponent will be the ghost of the man who was President in 1933.

The Cinema

Hollywood Idealism

By ALISTAIR COOKE

THE other day in Tottenham Court Road I found a curiously crude honest little film called 'As the Earth Turns'. If the director's name hadn't been an awful surprise, I don't suppose I should have bothered to see it. But it was made by the one director who in the short history of the cinema has turned out at least four of the score or so great films we have on record. He it was who made 'Kameradschaft', 'The White Hell of Pitz Palu', 'The Threepenny Opera', and 'Westfront, 1918'; his name is Pabst. At first I thought it impossible that he could have made a film so immature as this one. But now I am tempted almost to say that 'As the Earth Turns' is the most interesting film of all the ones I have seen in six weeks. First of all the tempo of the story is so queerly broken—the timing of individual scenes is slow, precise, often laboured; but the scenes themselves are joined in the abruptest way. It's as though Hollywood had made a rather bad, tender film about a girl on a farm, locked it up in the studio ready for mailing to New York, and then gone home. And then some prowling burglar who knew nothing about films had broken into the studio one night and cut out of the film—very ingeniously—whole passages that held up his anxious interest in seeing how it all ended. That is exactly what Pabst, in a more respectable way, has done. He must have felt like a burglar in Hollywood. He turned down story after story because it was, he said, rather shyly, 'like a Hollywood story'. And then in the end he gave in. And here is a Hollywood film with a Hollywood story and Hollywood actors made by a man who knows nothing and cares less about the way Hollywood makes films. I don't care much if it is a bad film. It's bad in a new way, and that's always an event. I have no need, either, to keep up this grudging tone about it. For it has two merits that belong to it and it alone: they are Jean Muir and the sincerity of its idealism.

Jean Muir's is as lovely a face as these influenza-sodden eyes have seen even in their brightest days. She has not, I am told, been the success they expected, chiefly, I suspect, because at a distance she looks not too impossibly and ridiculously beautiful but a likeable, not to say gangling (if that adjective isn't copyright by Katharine Hepburn) girl. But the more you see of her and the lovelier she becomes, you will notice that her face becomes more and more that of a human being, whereas we all know that the face of a film actress should look like a particularly successful part of the wallpaper. So Jean Muir has this fatal gift of a face that is pretty and strong at the same time. It has a direct, undeniable intelligence and in the mouth and eyes a solid, sturdy denial of intellectuality. All she needs now is a director—not a director, such as Marlene Dietrich sadly found, to make her act (for, as I hope sometime to maintain, the effect of screen acting should have very little to do with professional acting), but a director who combines a strong, realistic knowledge of men and women with a delicacy in respecting even their silly idealisms. As I instantly think of the one director with these qualities, a man who can make ordinary people act so much more movingly than trained players, I hope I may be forgiven for mentioning his name. I mean Charles Chaplin. When, after the ten years' interval since 'A Woman of Paris', Mr. Chaplin directs again, here is his heroine. Meanwhile, I hear at least one of you icily remark—she must put up with Pabst. But I don't know that Pabst has ever made an actor. It has been his fortune to have several times in his films the best romantic actor the screen has given us—Gustav Diesel. His great gift is his deliberate lack of sophistication. He believes always and unflinchingly in his story. But here, for once, it is a story old and trite as celluloid. And no proof could be more painful than this film that sincerity alone doesn't matter at all. It all depends who's being sincere and about what. And yet the idealism of this farm story, the private heaven that the hero and heroine

move towards, is a great deal healthier than the usual luxurious marriage which Hollywood holds out to the world as about the best thing in life.

And then I saw a film that tries with a more evident flourish to do something for idealism and the screen. 'The World Moves On' is meant pretty obviously to be a minor 'Cavalcade'. I personally think it is a much better film than that tearful epic; it makes less fuss, it makes no bones about the propaganda, although it reproduces a touch or two of that rather opulent condescension that left 'Cavalcade' strutting fashionably and safely several streets away from the problems it was pretending to soothe and solve. It is, of course, against war, which nowadays is about as inevitable and sensible as saying 'He's against cancer'. It starts with the beginnings of a family firm early in the nineteenth century in New Orleans. After a hundred years there are very flourishing French, German, English, and American branches, and the families meet for a wedding in the early months of 1914. This is the cue for what, after Mr. Coward's well-known lifebuoy touch, might well be known as Titanic irony, and Reginald Berkeley, who wrote the script, doesn't miss many of the chances for having people talk about the joys of peace and of joining in perpetual prosperity the French and German families. The War comes and Franchot Tone's undergraduate flippancy dissolves into a romantic alliance with Madeleine Carroll, and then hardens into a post-War gravity that sits just a little feverishly and awkwardly on shoulders so young. The rest of the sermon is about Franchot Tone's losing his character in the Wall Street delirium of the nineteen-twenties, about how that impudent day in—was it?—October, 1930, dawned and found Mr. Tone sitting up in bed in a lavish dressing-gown and looking greily through his false moustache—as well he might, for all he has to look forward to is poverty and the love of a good woman. Fortunately, by the grace of Hollywood, that poverty is of the kind that is called 'decent', and the film ends leaving Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone looking about as unlikely to start a farm in Louisiana as any two young people I have ever seen holding hands. When you short-circuit the plot in this way, it seems a patently insincere work. But Mr. Berkeley, I am sure, means it all, even the end, and I'm afraid for that I can't forgive him. Because the force of the film depends chiefly on what human solution you can offer for national and family selfishness. If I knew that Miss Carroll and Mr. Tone were henceforth (I mean in private life) determined to live on a pound a week for the rest of their lives, I should believe in the sermon. As it is, I can't help feeling that Mr. Berkeley is only annoyed, along with the rest of us, that luxury and virtue have a hard time mating. It's really a nineteenth-century morality play, founded on romance and self-help, photographed with twentieth-century cameras against twentieth-century sets. The heaven which Pabst offered his hero and heroine was one in which illness, hard work, anxiety, boredom were going to play their part. As such it was a heaven any man might find himself in. By comparison, 'The World Moves On', a much better-made film, offers you a bitter lament. I will not say it is a comfortable insult to the unemployed, but it is as if some rich lady turned to a beggar and said—'You were quite right, after all. Poverty is a Holy Thing'. I'm sure she's right, but the beggar's not going to take that remark from her. And if only Miss Carroll and Mr. Tone were a little less well dressed and groomed when they are supposed to be just nice people being poor, I could believe in the whole film. Instead, I am almost reluctant to recommend it for incidental merits that don't affect the sermon or the story. But there are lots of them—the torpedoing of an Atlantic liner, the song that Franchot Tone sings to Madeleine Carroll, the frightening walk of a young boy going to his train for the Front with his mother running frantically by his side mumbling about keeping warm. And there are many other excellent minutes I must leave you to discover.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

The Adult Music Pupil

Dr. Harvey Grace's truly admirable article on 'The Adult Pupil' in your issue of November 7 ends with a suggestion as to broadcast 'class-work in the fundamentals of musicianship' as a general basis for practical work by the individual. 'But', says he, 'I do not suggest that piano or singing lessons should be given by wireless as has been done in America. There are plenty of good teachers with all too little to do; the last thing they need is competition by wireless'. With all respect to Dr. Grace I believe this attitude to be fatally mistaken, and suggest that it may have already deprived the music teachers of Britain of thousands of pounds. The American lessons only lasted for two or three months, the musical advisers of the National Broadcasting Corporation admitting that, the initial steps once passed, radio was not a possible medium for instruction. Their object (openly avowed in print and by word of mouth through the microphone) was to show adults that they could do something with the neglected piano that stands in so many homes, and then to hand them over to their own local teachers.

I believe that if the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Incorporated Society of Musicians could form a joint committee to explore this subject, with an entirely open mind, the former would be led to see a way of becoming the best friend to the latter and at the same time do a national service by providing some thousands of adults with that wholesome recreation with which Dr. Grace desires to see them occupy their share of the community's increasing leisure. What is there to hinder an experimental course—carefully and not hurriedly planned and not to be repeated unless the recorded results satisfy both the B.B.C. and the I.S.M. that (at least) a promising beginning has been made. I venture to offer this as a definite suggestion for the winter of 1935-6.

Montreux, Switzerland

PERCY A. SCHOLÉS

Causes of War

Mr. Churchill's recent talk in the 'Causes of War' series was most interesting, but surely he does not go far enough? In the community, when an assault is committed, it is not only the eight or ten persons in the vicinity of the crime who set out to oppose and punish the criminal. The whole community does it. In the same way, the whole world must punish the criminal who is guilty of the crime of war. Let Great Britain send out a fresh invitation to the nations, asking them to meet and to agree to the setting up of a World Council which shall have power to declare guilty any nation or nations committing an act of war. Let all the nations agree that they will combine to carry out, under the orders of the Council, against such criminal nation or nations, such punitive measures as the Council shall direct, such as blockading its ports, holding up its ships, cutting off its finances, and other measures directed by the Council. There must be no question of trying to decide who is the aggressor, or who is in the right or in the wrong. That will not be the duty of the Council. That will be the later duty of a separate body, the World Arbitration Court, who will decide the merits of the case, and whose judgments the World Council will enforce.

If all the nations will not respond to the invitation and form such an organisation as is outlined above, Great Britain must disentangle herself from Continental obligations and take counsel with the various members of her Empire, and so strengthen herself and her Dominions that no nation will dare to attack her.

Eastbourne

K. F. WILLIAMSON

In his broadcast talk Mr. Winston Churchill seemed to find only one use for the League of Nations—as a repressive ring round Germany. Although he did refer to injustice as a cause of war, he seems quite satisfied with the Treaty of Versailles. His whole talk was dominated by the fear of the 'haves' of aggression by the 'have-nots'. Are those of us who want peace really facing the fact that we have everything to lose and nothing to gain by war? As Toyohiko Kagawa has asked, 'Is not Great Britain, now that after age-long aggression she has taken possession of one-fifth of the earth's surface, crying "Peace! Peace!" with no intention of

disgorge her ill-gotten gains?' We have retired from the business of imperialist expansion on which Japan and other nations would now enter with at least as much justification as we ever had.

If we only had the faith to insist on the revision of a Treaty which is recognised as unjust, to concede Germany's legitimate demands, to restore her colonies under mandate, we should remove the main reason for Hitler's regime, and, as General Smuts said, cure her inferiority complex. Mr. Churchill's programme would merely intensify its danger.

Nottingham

H. B. ROBERTS

There is only one possible hope of averting war at this stage in the history of man: production for profit must give place to production for welfare, which implies a complete reconstruction of our social-economic system. Pending that, the only chance is for every person who does not desire war to combine and declare on oath that, no matter what specious propaganda may be forthcoming to convince us of the justice of our cause, they will not work in factory, or in office, or in laboratory, or at home, or elsewhere, from the moment war is started. If the whole active population took this attitude, all the Sedition Bills and Orders-in-Council and other legal paraphernalia, could not make the country carry on a war. I submit that, for the good of England, for the good of the whole human race, it were better to be 'defeated' without resisting, than for us, with our wealth of culture, to be annihilated, and to drag with us into the bonfire the whole of civilisation. Terms like 'for the good of England' are used too glibly and made altogether too cheap; the word 'England' too often means that small section of the population to which the speaker belongs; it is assumed that what is for the good of one class must necessarily be for the good of all. The best that anyone can do for England is to help her to strive her utmost to contribute more than any other country towards enabling all citizens of all countries to live the full life.

Clearbrook

JOHN CASE

As a woman who takes a great interest in the present controversy on Pacifism, as against Militarism, and who has read numbers of books and articles on the subject, I feel I must express the viewpoint of the ordinary woman in the home—a viewpoint one hears little or nothing about.

Do those militarists who put forward the plea that war provides excitement and gives men a chance for heroics and self-sacrifice, think that these things are only to be had during war-time? Yeats-Brown, in his *Dogs of War*, says that peacetime is terribly dull and boring—or words to that effect. Perhaps it is to him, who is obviously a soldier first and foremost, but to hundreds of young men and women of today peace is anything but dull. They are having too hard a time of it trying to live decently, to educate their children, to find time to be bored with peace.

I don't want a pension in lieu of my husband's love and companionship. I want my son to be brought up with the loving-kindness of his father, not with tales of 'what his Daddy did in the Great War'. I am sure that there is some other solution to our international problems than that of wholesale murder, and that all wives and mothers who love their husbands and children feel this also. I beg of all these to keep their minds alert and open, to give their wholehearted support to the League of Nations, and to do what they can in arousing the interest of other women in this concern, which affects them as much, if not more, than men.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne

ALFREDA PROCTOR

Suicide Rate in War-Time

The suicide statistics on which Professor Julian Huxley bases some of his statements in his broadcast, entitled 'Sadist Satisfaction in War' cannot be accepted as reliable if (as should be done) suicide statistics include also those who *get themselves killed*. In war the opportunities for this form of suicide are enormously increased, and, from my own observation and what I have heard from others, I have little doubt that there are a great many more than is commonly thought who—rather

than kill others or endure intolerable hardships—deliberately invite death at the hands of an enemy. Having seen something of war, and lived with those who have seen even more, I would say that—in spite of the sound reasoning by which Professor Huxley attempts to explain his statistics—his statistics would be reversed if the true number of suicides could be known.

Winchester

T. N. HOWARD (Brigadier-General)

In his broadcast address, printed in *THE LISTENER* (last week), Mr. Aldous Huxley points out that the suicide rate is 45 per cent. higher in peace-time than among non-combatants in war-time. He infers that, 'for non-combatants, at any rate, life in war-time is about 45 per cent. more worth living than life in times of peace'.

Actually, it is unscientific to apply simple arithmetic in this way. A decrease of 1 per cent. in the happiness of some may be sufficient to lead to suicide, whereas a decrease of nearly 100 per cent. would be necessary for more fortunate people. Hence the change in the suicide rate is very unlikely to be the same as the change in the average enjoyment of life. Many present-day suicides are special cases, including, for example, sufferers from shell shock or other war-time injury.

Bushey Heath

R. C. HOATHER

L.C.C. Hospitality

I venture to think that many of your readers will consider the tone of your opening note under 'Week by Week' in *THE LISTENER* of November 14 to be considerably lower than your usual standard. At a time when thousands of men, women and children are in urgent need of more and better food, not only in London but throughout the country, it seems particularly unfortunate that the new (Labour) London County Council should ask Parliament to allow it to spend £2,500 a year on feasting, and still more unfortunate that you should support that request in such cordial terms. Possibly, however, the whole note is intended to be taken ironically; for you state that 'boroughs and cities never shine to more advantage than when mayors and aldermen are feasting and sharing festivity'. Surely the most bitter critic of pompous mayors and corporations has rarely written anything half so caustic as that!

Steyning

H. A. BARTLETT

'Man of Aran'

When 'Man of Aran' came here, I must say I was one who went to pray and remained to scoff. It was soon obvious that the film as a document was just humbug, so I settled down to accept it as a poem. But this would not do, either. There was not enough stuff in it. The episodes were too few, were treated at quite disproportionate length (particularly the boy fishing) and were all too long for the pictorial and cinematic interest which Mr. Flaherty had to offer us in his treatment of them. The pictorial quality was often very high (sometimes very low), but the pictorial variety was surprisingly poor, many scenes being repeated *ad nauseam*. For dramatic interest, Mr. Flaherty relied, as the two men from Aran observed with amusement, upon overstatement. This overstatement shifted the film away from Aran into the world of heroic fantasy, in which men cannot go out without lurching into the night, and cannot return without looming out of the darkness. This is the world of 'Tarzan of the Apes', the boys' world, into which, unfortunately, entry becomes more difficult as the years go on.

Glasgow

RUSSELL FERGUSON

In view of his expression of impatience with merely competent films, I feel that Mr. Cooke might have done more justice to a distinguished one in 'Man of Aran'. He began with a reference to the alleged errors of detail, brought against the film by a number of people who seem unable to distinguish between an inventory and a work of art. Yet the whole scope of this production suggested that the director was aiming at a presentation of the struggle of man against nature, rather than the characteristics of a particular race. But where Mr. Cooke has gone completely off the rails is in his criticism of the camera work, and the shark scene in particular. One does not need to be a member of the intelligentsia to realise that the best way of arousing interest in movements on the screen is to take the audience with them. A bad director does this by moving his actors, a good one by moving his camera. After watching this sequence on two occasions, I am satisfied that Flaherty's treatment of it was logical and appropriate.

London, W.2

LAURENCE KITCHIN

The Glasgow Elections

In case your Scottish Correspondent's note on sectarianism in the Glasgow elections should give a wrong impression to your readers, may I be allowed to state the views of a Glasgow Catholic? Part of one sentence reads: 'It is openly reported that a Roman Catholic parish priest in the Maryhill Ward gave his flock a verbal lead against the Moderates'. . . . Actually no parish priest in Glasgow had any interest in current political labels, but they had in common with the Catholic people sufficient sense to see that the Scottish Protestant League were making the election in each ward a sectarian, anti-Catholic business by supporting covertly or otherwise moderate candidates where they did not stand themselves. Therefore, Catholics, at the advice of their own body the Catholic Union, voted solidly in each ward for candidates who did not mix politics with religion and were prepared to represent all classes without distinction of creed. Accordingly, the Catholic vote went throughout the city to suitable candidates *whether Labour or Moderate*, so long as they were not antagonistic to our faith.

In my own parish our priests advised us to vote for the candidate selected by the Catholic Union. Each stressed the point that religion was being forced to the front by many candidates. Each pointed out also that the candidate favoured at this election might not be selected at the next election if his views became changed in regard to Catholic schools and birth-prevention. Nothing was said from first to last about Moderates, Labour, or any of the other municipal labels. Surely your correspondent does not expect us to vote for those who are bitterly opposed to our faith. The annoying thing about Catholicism is that once you believe in it you can't live without it. As for politics . . .

Glasgow

A. G. HEPBURN

'Spanish Raggle-Taggle'

Will you allow me to make a mild protest against the misleading review of my book *Spanish Raggle-Taggle* which appeared in *THE LISTENER* on November 14? My book was in no sense intended to be a guide-book to North Spain nor even an account of the Revolution. It was written with three objects in view:

(1) To discuss my experiences as a modern wandering minstrel in a country that has preserved the traditions of 'juglaria' or minstrelsy. (2) To describe gypsy life from the standpoint of one who for many years has been a student and collector of gypsy lore. (3) To describe experiences from the point of view of a musician and student of folklore. Your reviewer states that my adventures and conversations were largely fictitious. Of course, your reviewer, had he been in my shoes, might have seen windmills where I only saw giants. In order to justify my truthfulness I am willing to give him the addresses of the characters mentioned in my book in order that he may verify, and if he is willing to shed his superiority and put on a tattered old suit I might even give him an introduction to the nomad basket-workers whose beat is in Castile!

I was really pained, however, by the reviewer's reprimand to Borrow, Gautier, and Mérimée. Must I forswear Borrow and addict myself to thin potatoes? Should I perhaps have dashed through in one day by train (second class) the journey from Irún to Madrid, instead of riding the mule of Saint Francis and trusting to the charity of Old Castile?

As a consolation I heard the ghostly voice of Jasper Petulengro floating down the wind saying, 'He's only a "dinilo gorgio", brother: he talks like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were he a Romany chal he would talk wiser!'

London, S.W.1

WALTER STARKIE

'The England of Charles II'

As one who has been a student of Restoration literature and history for many years, I should like to support Mr. Arthur Bryant's protest against the review of his *The England of Charles II*, which appeared in *THE LISTENER* of October 31. An aberration of this kind is all the more noticeable as the standard of reviewing in *THE LISTENER* is generally so high. Mr. Bryant seems to me to have supplied just the kind of history which we lack in English, and which we want badly—social history which is accurate, scholarly and at the same time vivid and pleasant to read. Your reviewer gave readers the impression that the book only showed one side of English life. This is grossly unfair. Its great merit is that in the compass of 185 pages it gives details of the daily life of nearly every part of Restoration society, details which could only be obtained hitherto by research

into records that are not available to the ordinary reader. It is a pity that certain historical specialists should always look askance at any writer who has the gifts of vivid style and humour, and who can make the dry bones of history live. But Mr. Bryant can have the consolation of knowing that his books will be read and enjoyed when countless ponderous works of so-called 'research' repose undisturbed on the upper shelves of our great libraries.

University College, Southampton

V. DE S. PINTO

Care of the Mentally Unfit

Mr. Passmore digresses somewhat. My whole point was that there are varying degrees of mental illness and that it is supreme folly to herd early cases of nervous disorder with hopeless lunatics. Early treatment on commonsense lines would soon reduce the incidence of insanity.

London, W.C. 1.

FRANCIS J. WHITE

Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Law Reform

Poverty in Plenty

Mr. Hobson told us that slumps in trade were caused by money going out of circulation as idle savings, yet turned his talk aside at the end to mention perfectly irrelevant matters. Why should he do this except to avoid telling us the end of the story, which is that the rich with their unusable savings are a menace to civilisation and the source of their huge incomes a levy on industry having neither rhyme nor reason. Rent, dividend and interest, sources of the greatest and most obstinately self-inflationary of incomes, are all paid on the assumption that certain actions merit the eternal reward here as well as in the hereafter. In actual fact the price of an income verging on the perpetual should be infinitely higher than it is, and if the bargaining power of the borrower or seeker after spare money ever becomes greater (as it may do when it is properly fostered) the income continuable indefinitely will become priceless and unobtainable, and with its going there will certainly disappear poverty in plenty.

Brighton

STUART MIALI

Does not Major Douglas find the justification for his Social Credit proposals in the disparity between, on the one hand, the wages, salaries, and profits distributed by a typical producing unit to individual consumers—the A payments of his A + B theorem—and, on the other hand, the sum of the prices of its products—A + B? Is it true that the produce of many producing units is, wholly or partly, not available for purchase by individual consumers, while all of them distribute A payments? Is it necessary to put the individual consumers who receive A payments from a film-studio in a position to pay the prices of the films produced in addition to the prices of their entertainment at the cinema?

Dundrum

T. J. FLYNN

Mr. Biddulph's defence of Mr. Henderson's statement against my questions amounts to a string of much more dubious statements. I cannot speak for 'people like' me, but I am most curious to see what is Mr. Biddulph's evidence (chapter and verse desired) that I have ever confused investment with credit, except in the sense that a long-term loan of money which will sometime have to be repaid is an investment by the lender and a credit to the borrower. I should like to interpolate in his second sentence thus: 'It is only when the central banks (which ones?) fail to maintain (how?) World prices (which ones?) at (what?) level with the costs of primary producers (which ones?) that the latter's income becomes inadequate for the output of (what?) finished goods, with resulting unemployment in the durable goods industries (what primary producers buy durable goods?) and further reduction of incomes in general (but is a slump in what primary products the cause of a decline in the real and/or money incomes of all or most other people?)'. Some investment is devoted to producing new types of goods; is this for the purpose of producing more economically things previously not produced at all? And is investment most actively pursued when costs and prices are falling or when they are rising but the markets brisk?

Sheringham

HILDERIC COUSENS

Mr. R. H. Brand's talk calls for criticism. The international monetary mechanism as reflected in prices was anything but stable before the War. Is Mr. Brand ignoring the trade cycle with its steadily increasing amplitude of swing from boom to depression and the ever-shortening period between one slump of prices and the next? And as for the post-War collapse—was not that initiated when the Government of the day accepted the Cunliffe Commission's recommendations and proceeded drastically to deflate the British currency? And was not the said

Committee composed entirely of bankers and financiers? Further, was it not the Committee on the Currency and Bank of England Note Issue which was responsible for our untimely and unstable return to gold?

Falkirk

W. S. CORMACK

Romanesque

In so far as Mr. Nelson is satisfied that the old terms 'Saxon' and 'Norman' serve well enough to divide the period in this country, we are on common ground. This correspondence arose out of the illogical application of the word 'Romanesque' to English sculpture and architecture of the Saxon-Norman period. There was no 'Romanesque' art in English architecture, or elsewhere. Test the question by the following extract from *L'Art Roman*: '*L'art roman commence à la fin du Xe siècle; il embrasse le XIe siècle tout entier et la première moitié du XIIe. Cependant, l'art roman a persisté jusqu'au milieu du XIIIe siècle dans certaines régions . . .*' The substitution of 'Romanesque' (=romantic) for Roman would make nonsense of the sentence. The explanation is found in the following sentence from the same source: '*L'art roman étant tributaire de l'art romain et lui succédant, comme la langue romane a succédé à la langue latine ou romaine*'. Thus the architecture that corresponds with the literary word *roman* ('se dit des langues qui se formèrent de la corruption du latin'), is *architecture romane*, of Roman derivation . . . This is the logical and legitimate alternative to the bastard 'Romanesque'. It would be understood in the same sense on both sides of the Channel; and we should not make ourselves amusing by calling Norman architecture 'romantic'.

Mr. Nelson is more optimistic than I am in hoping to find a set of French labels that would correlate English and French architectural styles. Unless the words selected were identical in meaning, nothing but confusion would result. And since the French styles do in fact differ in important ways from contemporary English styles, we had better adhere to our honest 'Early English'. We need not be ashamed of its essentially English character, notwithstanding that M. Viollet le Duc would have said that at Lincoln the Gothic constructional ideal is but half expressed.

Paignton

A. S. RENSHAW

The India Report

(Continued from page 884)

similar powers, would be subject, through the Governor-General, to any instructions he received from the Secretary of State for India, who is, of course, responsible to Parliament. Thus, the broad effect of the scheme, taken with the safeguards, is that, save on exceptional and, we may hope, very rare occasions, the Provinces of India would be governed upon the advice of Indian Ministers responsible to elected Legislatures, and that in the exceptional cases any action taken would be subject to control by the Imperial Parliament.

The Report which I have been describing embodies the views of the majority of the Committee. There are, however, points on which certain members submitted proposals which were not accepted by the Committee as a whole.

You will see from the Report of our Proceedings which has also been published, that the Labour members of the Committee submitted an alternative Report which did not contemplate any limitation upon the control by Provincial Ministers of the forces of Law and Order. Responsibility at the Centre on this scheme would be exercised, not by the methods which have developed in our own Parliament, but through Committees of the Legislature on the lines of the Constitution of Ceylon. The responsible side of the Central Government would have full control over External Affairs and a time limit would be laid down for the transfer of Defence to the control of Ministers.

Another group of members accepted provincial autonomy, but were opposed to the grant of responsibility at the Centre. They proposed an advisory Council of Greater India representing the Provinces and States which would be consulted on matters affecting India as a whole.

There was general agreement that Burma should be separated from the rest of India and be granted a constitution of its own on the same lines as the constitution of the Indian Provinces.

My purpose has been to give you an objective sketch of the Report, not to argue that the Report is right; but I do ask you, from whatever angle you may approach this grave question, to approach it in the characteristic British temper which I believe guided all the members of the Joint Select Committee throughout their long deliberations.

The author of the Address by Professor Weazle in the 'Speeches that Never Happened' series was Mr. Hubert Phillips, and not Mr. Felix Aylmer, as given in our issue of November 21. Mr. Aylmer read the talk at the microphone.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Pageantry of Parliament

A GREAT LOFTY GOTHIC ROOM all covered with gilt decoration. In the wide blue-carpeted space between the rows of spectators, the great officers of State and others are assembling to escort Their Majesties from the Robing Room to the House of Lords. Mr. Baldwin, the Lord President of the Council, in a dark-blue and gold uniform, his cocked hat under his arm, is talking to Lord Hailsham and Lord Londonderry, both resplendent in peers' robes—scarlet, with ermine collar and bands. Lord Sankey is wearing his full-bottomed wig and black and gold. Lord High Chancellor's robes. Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, in a dark tunic covered with Orders and decorations, white breeches and high black boots and spurs, leans on his sword.

Immediately in front of me there are three little girls and two little boys who receive a great deal of smiling attention from tall scarlet figures whose golden helmets, surmounted by high white feathers, make them into giants—these are Gentlemen of the Guard—and from ladies in lovely evening gowns with jewelled tiaras in their hair. About the Entrance Door there are more Gentlemen of the Guard holding long halberds, and a group of Heralds, looking for all the world as if they have stepped straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*. They have wonderful names, these Heralds: Bluemantle Pursuivant, and Portcullis Pursuivant, and Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, as well as the York and Richmond and Somerset Heralds. And through the gorgeous throng moves the Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord Lewisham, in a scarlet cut-away coat heavy with decoration, the two white ribbons on his shoulders flickering in and out of the crowd as he keeps a watchful eye on the clock, and prepares for the arrival of Their Majesties. He carries his wand of office—a slender willow like a very thin billiard cue.

There is a stir at the main door and a guard of Beefeaters is marched in and lines the blue pathway through the gallery. Now things are beginning to move. The green baize strip protecting the middle of the blue carpet is rolled up—a little man with a brush and dust-pan whisks off a couple of specks and hurries away. The entrance doors open to admit the Crown Equerry, who comes forward carrying on a red cushion the King's jewelled crown. This is ceremoniously handed over to the Lord Great Chamberlain who takes it up to the House-of-Lords end of the Gallery. Again, the doors open and the Gentlemen of the Guard, with their colours, slow-march up the Gallery and halt near the far end near the Lords. The crown comes back. The Lord Great Chamberlain passes through to assist at the ceremonial robing of Their Majesties.

Now, here come the Heralds two by two. They take up a posi-

tion by the Gentlemen of the Guard. Lord Hailsham is now holding the Sword of State and Lord Londonderry the Cap of Maintenance—terrific objects both of these. The sword in its dull red scabbard decorated with golden thistles, roses and fleurs-de-lis, is held point upwards. The Cap is red velvet with an ermine border and great gold tassel, and is hoisted on a short thick stick. Black Rod stands at the doors of the Robing Room.

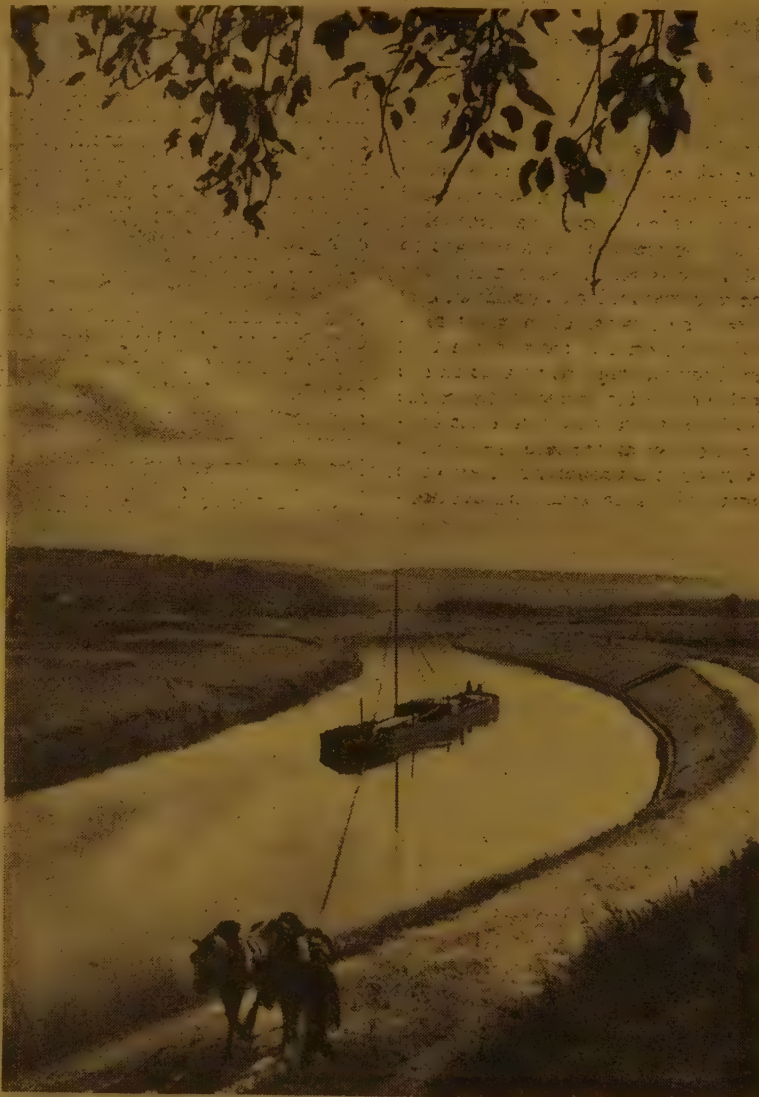
Suddenly he hurries down the Gallery. There is a hush. We rise to our feet. The Robing Room doors open. The Lord Great Chamberlain appears walking backwards. There is a fanfare of trumpets and Their Majesties enter the Gallery. As they come through the doorway, long pink shafts of sunlight shine on their crowns and on the Queen's gold and silver gown. The King takes the Queen by the hand and they move slowly forward. Their long velvet trains are held by four young pages in scarlet and white and by the Groom and the Mistress of the Robes.

The children in front of me disappear completely, busy doing perfect curtsies, and the Queen seeing them disappear smiles broadly.

When Their Majesties reach the Sword of State and the Cap of Maintenance, the Heralds, the Gentlemen of the Guard and the many Treasurers, Comptrollers and Equerrys, and so on, the whole procession moves forward, and as they move down the long gallery between the great frescoes of the death of Nelson and the Battle of Waterloo it is like some splendid tapestry come to life. A great wave passes along the spectators, like the wind across a cornfield, as they bow

and curtsy at Their Majesties' passing.

EDWARD HALLIDAY



A Saar waterway

Remembering Prince Charlie

WHAT IS my very earliest recollection? It is etched on my memory very clearly. I remember sitting on my grandfather's knee just seventy-seven years ago—he a white-haired man of nearly eighty, I a child of barely four. I can still see his kind eyes looking into mine, and feel his hand stroking my tousled head, and crooning into my ear the old Jacobite ballad, 'Wha' wadna fecht for Charlie?' 'Poor Prince Charlie!' went on the old man. 'I saw him in Rome, with a red nose and a big stick walking about with his daughter. Far better if he had been killed at Culloden!' (so he pronounced it, not 'Culloden', as it is called today). This is surely a remarkable link with the past, in which the dates are easily verifiable. My grandfather, born in 1778, was a child of nine when his father, Sir James Hunter Blair, died in 1787. He was taken that autumn to Rome by his mother, when Prince Charles Edward Stuart was living there, cared for



'Care has been taken to prevent the miners from becoming divorced from the soil'—a Saar family at work on their fields

Photographs: Dorien Leigh

by his devoted daughter Charlotte of Albany, during the last peaceful year or two before his death in 1788; so the little boy may well have seen him, as he told me he had just seventy years later, walking in the streets of Rome at that far-off time.

SIR DAVID HUNTER BLAIR

Life in the Saar

MOST PEOPLE THINK of the Saar as being like our own Black Country. Actually I found a great deal of it the prettiest hill country imaginable. Much of it is covered with thick forest, and the coal mines are often tucked away amongst the trees, so that all you can see in passing is the top of a huge wheel. Blast furnaces can't be hidden, but it is only a little way from the smokiest factory to the open country. When I asked why the country was so unspoilt, I was told that both the mines and the forests belonged to the State, and one was not allowed to ruin the other.

This Government policy has affected the development of the Saar people, who are nearly all working class, and mostly coal miners. Care has been taken to prevent the miners from becoming divorced from the soil. Many of them own their own houses and a field or two, which they farm in a small way, travelling to work from considerable distances. This semi-rural life gives them a special outlook on politics. They are not like the industrial workers in other parts of Germany—say the Ruhr—for there is no strong Red tradition amongst them. Three-quarters of them are Roman Catholics, and belong to their own Catholic trade unions. I think it is fair to say that the Catholic priests stand closer to the people than the Protestant pastors and have great political influences. That is why it is important to watch the attitude of the Catholic Church in Germany if we want to forecast the plebiscite result. The Vatican has had a special observer in the Saar for nearly a year now, to watch and report on the situation.

There has been a small break-away already. The editor of a big Catholic daily was dismissed in consequence, and is now running an opposition paper. It was a strange sight in London the other day to see a Saar Catholic sitting on the same platform as a Communist and a Socialist. They were forming a united front against the return to Hitler's sway. They said they were winning hands down, and were counting on a majority. Shortly before I had had a letter from a friend in the Saar, one of the big

political leaders, saying it was nonsense to talk of a *Kulturkampf*, a religious battle in the Saar or in Germany. How could people quarrel about youth movement uniforms when the Nazis were carrying out so many Christian principles, feeding and clothing their neighbours' children as their own?

The French Mining Administration complain that Saar children are taken from their schools—sent on a holiday to Germany and return to German schools. The Commission has had to interfere. Here is one of the least of the Commission's problems.

MARGARET LAMBERT

Harmony for its Own Sake

DON'T LET US EVER lose sight of the fact that great music is continually working by rhythmic proportions, whether it has thematic interests—interests of melody and theme, and surprises in harmony—or not. You will find much more harmonic interest in the Preludes of Bach and great composers, and great compositions like the Chromatique Fantasia that have no themes at all, because you will find that Bach soon developed something greatly dramatic so that it might be superbly rhetorical. He is interested in giving harmony for its own sake. But you cannot get very far with harmony for its own sake with such dramatic music as that of the sonata forms, and it has been recently said by the editor of an excellent edition of Bach's Chorales for the use of students—plain chorale music—that no other composer could conceivably have interested us in a collection of between three and four hundred plain settings of hymn tunes unadorned except by the bit of the harmony. It is inconceivable that Mozart or Beethoven's harmonies could have interested us—or the composers themselves—to that extent.

I am not so sure it would have interested these composers, if they were much more interested in very large designs for exploiting and exploring harmonic richness for design on a small scale, but, as a matter of fact, when Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven are writing a quiet variation on a simple melody, they are likely, as you know, to use a set of variations with developed harmonies and as interesting as any that are to be found in Bach. Only, as I say, you cannot expect the harmonies of a particularly rich and beautiful Bach plain chorale to be developed with an environment tumultuously dramatic.

DR. D. F. TOVEY

The Lydbrook Monster

LYDBROOK HAS BEEN DESCRIBED as a hole between two hills, two miles long and ten yards wide, where 3,000 people live. It's a beautiful valley, but in the middle of our village there was a big dump from a mine. It has been there nearly a hundred years and spoilt the look of everything. It was quite time that it was moved, so it was decided to tackle it. We wanted to level the mound out to make a recreation ground. Some people said we were mad to think of ever trying to level the mound, as there were 30,000 tons of pit dirt staring us in the face and the job would take years to do. But on July 28, 1934, sixty of us, unemployed, partly employed, and others in work, started. Our company now has grown to 286 whole-hearted voluntary workers, and the 30,000 tons are nearly levelled—the Lydbrook monster is disappearing. Nobody has received a penny as wages.

We are colliers mainly, but among our pick and shovel brigade are cable-workers, builders, electricians, tin-plate workers, a butcher, baker, blacksmith, fishmonger, hairdresser, innkeeper, milkman, newsagent, painter, postman, shoemaker, grocer and schoolmaster. Every man's time is registered, and up to date more than 11,000 hours of voluntary labour have been given. Nobody has been asked to work on the 'Dump'. You may come when you like, do as much as you like, and go when you like. We broke a record by shifting 400 tons one fine day. We get some fun out of it, and if you can't stand your leg being pulled, well, you'd better keep away.

Sometimes you hear some one say, 'Surry! thou'st want thee hair cut'. Well, the barber is on the ground and soon that job is done. Another shouts, 'Another pair of rails, butty'. These are soon down and the work goes on. The other day a chap came there with the tooth-ache. One said, 'Anybody got a piece of string?' It was not long before the tooth was out, and that chap worked all day after.

We are really happy on the mound, and the work goes along in fine tune. Of course there are dangers in the work. One broke his ankle, another had a septic leg, another required nine stitches to his leg, and another was buried to his shoulders by a fall of the dump face. But I'm glad to say they are all better now, thanks to the free and skilful treatment of our doctor.

I'm glad to say that our work has been appreciated, and we have been helped in other ways than by using pick and shovel. On the site is a box with a card stating, 'In making a Recreation Ground, this mound is being moved by Voluntary Labour. Thank you!' And the pennies and the shillings and the pounds given by our village and by interested visitors, have enabled our Hon. Secretary to buy bread and cheese, and pop and cider for us, with a few jars of pickles occasionally.

WILLIAM PREECE

Irish Memories

THE FIRST THING I clearly remember was at Euston Station in the spring of 1870. The train that was just starting was the Holyhead express with the Irish mails. It used to be called 'The Wild Irishman'. A large lady on the platform was saying goodbye to a small child. The small child was myself and the large lady was my grandmother, larger than life in her crinoline! I was leaning out of a carriage window, and behind me stood my mother and an Irish stepfather. They were just lately married and my grandma was seeing us off to Ireland. Then the train began to move and I cried out, 'Grandma! Grandma! I can't speak Irish and I can't speak French, what shall I speak?'; and my grandma called back, 'Try English!'

The advice turned out good, only sometimes one met with old English words that we don't use here any more. One of those words was 'to handsel', meaning to use anything for the first time. In those days *some* Irish landlords were popular, and my stepfather was one of them. So the very first day in my Irish home his tenants presented him with a handsome silver tea-service. A crowd of them met us at the lodge gates, and there the horses were taken out of the carriage and a team of young men drew us up to the house. At the lunch that followed, my mother filled the new teapot with whiskey and went round pouring it into the glasses. 'And that', they all said, 'was a right good way to handsel the pot'.

My mother soon found there were new rules as well as new words to learn. She was told 'ladies in Ireland do not eat cheese or drink beer'. But soon after a royal lady came to Ireland who knew nothing about these rules and wouldn't have cared if she had. This lady was the beautiful Elizabeth, Empress of Austria,

who was murdered in Switzerland many years afterwards. The Empress hated court etiquette and loved to escape from it and come to hunt. Ours was not a good hunting county, so there was great excitement when we heard she was coming for a day with the local fox-hounds. The master of the pack was a neighbour of ours, Valentine O'Hara, and he was wild with delight. He got down a chef from Dublin and everything of the best to eat and drink. But when the Empress was seated at table, what did she ask for but beer—and beer was just the one thing he had not got! With such expense as he'd gone to and such a fiasco to come of it, he might be expected to take it badly, for he had a queer temper at the best of times. Sure enough, when we drove over next day we were met at the door by the most terrible screams and yells. 'There's murder going on inside', said papa, and in we ran. And there was O'Hara at his drawing-room window, firing his gun at a half-dozen pigs that were squealing and rushing out of the garden. 'I'll wager they won't trespass again in a hurry', he said lightly, but my mother was horrified and wouldn't stay for tea. On the way home she exclaimed, 'Was he mad or drunk?' to which papa replied, smiling, 'Hardly drunk, my dear; but I think he had drink taken'; and, to make my mother still more vexed, when we got home, we found a wee dead pig had been stowed in the well of the car! That was, of course, a jaunting car, a one-horse affair on two wheels, intended to carry five at most, but as accommodating as Pat himself—outside politics, that is! As one car-driver said to me, 'If you sit familiar like you can aisy put three a side, forebye two in the well'. (The 'well', of course, was only meant for luggage.) But there were public cars taking twenty people or more, and this story I heard was quite likely true. It was an excursion through the Kerry mountains and an Englishman booking a seat said to the driver, 'Why have you three prices when the places are all as good one as another?' 'Wait till we come to the mountains', said Pat. And when they got to the first steep bit he called out, 'First-class passengers kape yer sates, second-class passengers get off and walk, third-class passengers get off and shove behind!'

LADY HAGBERG WRIGHT

Sir Arthur Pinero

AS I SEE HIM now in my mind's eye, my chief impression is of Power—but of power softened and sweetened by great patience and understanding. I first met him to know him when he read us 'Trelawney of the Wells' at the Little Court Theatre in Sloane Square. I was to play Rose, and my husband, the late Dion Boucicault, was to play the Vice-Chancellor. Pinero took the rehearsals himself, and very surely he knew what he wanted from us. The play will always be a classic, and very lovely in feeling. This was followed for me by 'The Gay Lord Quex', 'Letty', 'His House in Order', 'Mid-channel' and 'The Big Drum'.

He was a great stylist—polished each sentence so meticulously that to substitute another word was like playing a false note in a concerto, and to Pinero himself was agony. I have never known in any other writer such an unerring sense of dramatic values, so naturally brought about, and such a fine knowledge of contrasts. To give one instance, in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith', when she is sending Lucas back to his family and playing her own soul in the action, she says: 'You are to meet them at ten—Oh! I haven't got my watch'.

But I mustn't let myself remember any more. I have only meant to use my memories to show him as a master of his craft as well as a great artist. It was a long apprenticeship that had brought him to the perfection of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and the plays I have already mentioned. He had begun as an actor, though he never played more than small parts, I believe. He wrote farces first of all, then sentimental comedies—but he always showed the mastery of character-drawing that in later plays left such vivid little memories to me. He brought fresh blood into English drama—Victorian drama—for he was possessed of more than mere brilliant technique.

Such dear sweet things he did and said. He encouraged us all in spite of exacting everything that we possessed to portray his characters; stern and often bitterly ironical, a task master, but always such a Master that any of us who had the privilege to work with him are proud to have been his followers; and as far as I personally am concerned, I feel I owe more to him in my career than to anyone. I think of him with love, with reverence and respect.

IRENE VANBRUGH

Books and Authors

Nothing to Shout About

Make It New. Essays by Ezra Pound. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Men Without Art. By Wyndham Lewis. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Treatise on Right and Wrong. By H. L. Mencken. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

Experiment in Autobiography. Vols. I and II. By H. G. Wells. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. each volume

Calling All Countries. By Geoffrey West. Routledge. 6s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

IN this address I had meant to face the twentieth century; but I find it almost faceless, largely featureless; and, anyhow, very bewildering. I had meant to take books typical of the twentieth century, as a book on Steele is typical of the eighteenth or a book on Rossetti of the nineteenth. And I have collected a number of most interesting twentieth-century books, claiming to declare a twentieth-century philosophy; they really have a common quality; but I rather hesitate to define it. Suppose I said that the main mark of the twentieth century, in ethics as in economics, is bankruptcy. I fear you might think I was a little hostile in my criticism. Suppose I said that all these books are marked by a brilliant futility. You might almost fancy that I was not entirely friendly to them. You would be mistaken. All of them are good; some of them are very good indeed. But the question does recur: what is the good of being good in that way?

The book I like best is Mr. Ezra Pound's essays, *Make it New*. There are two things about Mr. Pound that I like: he is very learned, which I am not; and he has furious likes and dislikes, which I have but should hesitate to state so furiously. He is so much at home in antiquity that he can say he likes Æschylus and dislikes Virgil, as you and I might say we like Michael Arlen's stories but not Noel Coward's plays—or *vice versa*. But I put his book first, not only because it is best, but because it gives me a sort of text. The Agamemnon of Æschylus leads him to exclaim suddenly, 'Damn ideas!' and 'An idea is only an imperfect induction from fact'. Well, that is an idea; and certainly a very imperfect induction. But ideas are not too common. Anyhow his point is that there is something more alive than abstractions; and he finds it in 'The whole wildness of Cassandra's continual shrieking "... Τροίαν Ἀχαιῶν ὄσαν, Troy is the Greeks'". Even Rossetti has it better than Browning: "Troy's down, tall Troy's on fire", anything, literally anything that can be shouted . . . anything but a stilted unsayable jargon . . . "Troia the Achaioi hold". That is very good; and that is the question I want to ask about these twentieth-century summaries: Have they anything short enough to be shouted? Have they anything to shout about?

It would be very absurd to call Mr. Pound futile; on some points of economics especially he is really constructive; but even he has just a touch of the sort of thing I want to describe. Thus he affirms admirably, 'Most good poetry asserts something to be worth while, or damns a contrary', but adds that it becomes objectionable when somebody 'suggests some quack remedy (Prohibition, Christianity . . .), the only cure being that humanity should display more intelligence and goodwill than humanity is capable of displaying'. Being an American, he probably means by Christianity the Puritanism of Tennessee; but when the most brilliant thinker says our only cure is to be what we cannot be, even a Puritan should hardly be called a quack for suggesting something that we can be.

Another very interesting book is Mr. Wyndham Lewis' *Men Without Art*. Mr. Wyndham Lewis seems to me to make more of a fight to escape from futility than most; he nails some neglected truths; as the fact that it is the faith in materialistic science that has collapsed, much more than the faith in religion; or that it is no sillier to believe in Rousseau's Noble Savage than to believe in the modern and entirely mythical Prehistoric Man. But his very able essay, called 'The Greatest Satire is Non-Moral', leaves me in the air like the others. For surely the satirist is a fighter, whatever else he is; and he must have some reason for fighting. It may not be morality, in the sense of moralising. But this dilemma remains; either he fights for something larger including morality; a cosmic conception—religion. Or else he only fights for something he happens to like against something he happens to dislike. There are only two ultimates: God and good taste; and even then it is only the taster who decides whether the taste is good.

Then there is Mr. H. L. Mencken, with his *Treatise on Right and Wrong*. In this contemporary criticism, a problem arises: I suddenly remember with horror that I am supposed to be recommending books. I always enjoy Mr. Mencken; but do I recommend him? On the whole, yes. This is an excellent book to be recommended to all intelligent and instructed readers; partly because intelligent and instructed readers will not believe

a word of it. True, Mr. Mencken has fought magnificently against provincial prejudices in America; but, unfortunately, most of his own opinions seem to be prejudices. He wrote a similar book *On the Gods*; which arouses a theatrical memory, for he is always playing to the gallery. I take only one case: he will call God by the curious name of Yahweh; Augustine and Aquinas worshipped Yahweh; all Christians worship Yahweh. Now this is common bluff. Nobody knows whether even the ancient Jews called Him Yahweh; because their written language had no vowels; and it may be much more correct to call Him Jehovah. But certainly Augustine and Aquinas never bothered about Yahweh; and the term is a trick to conceal from us the fact that Augustine and Aquinas had highly philosophical ideas about God. But the book is very lively; though less lively than those Mr. Mencken writes on subjects he knows something about. But my interest just now is merely this; at the end of the treatise on right and wrong, I do not find myself merely confirmed in the comfortable certainty that I am right and Mr. Mencken is wrong. I also find that Mr. Mencken himself has no real idea of what should now be regarded as right and wrong. He hates Christianity; but he also hates Democracy. He might like some aristocracy which is not any existing or possible aristocracy; and an ideal aristocracy, more than anything else, is a matter of taste. We come back to the same *impasse*: he happens to like what he happens to like; but he cannot induce a single human being to like it.

You may perhaps guess why I took a text from Mr. Pound: 'Anything, anything that can be shouted'. None of these things can be shouted, as a man shouts that he has seen the sea or found the high-road. Now that is just the difference; because the nineteenth-century reformers left a tradition that we should soon see the light or find the way. If you want a vivid record of a life full of that hope, you will find it in two books I do not pretend to review adequately here: Mr. H. G. Wells' *Experiment in Autobiography*. Mr. Wells was always looking for the turn of the road through the wood, at which he would see Utopia, and shout. Sometimes he started shouting before he was out of the wood. But he was a nineteenth-century man; and these younger men do not even expect to see anything to shout about. And yet, if I may end with the final paradox, some of them still have an inherited instinct for shouting, even when there is nothing to shout about.

It is a convincing coincidence that my last book, called by its author Mr. Geoffrey West, *A Post-War Credo*, actually has for its general title the challenging name of *Calling All Countries*. It is a metaphor from broadcasting. It is pathetic; for it reveals the historic irony, that man has discovered how to speak to all nations at the exact moment when he has nothing to say. But I do not mean that Mr. West in the vulgar sense has nothing to say; only that all he does say is destructive, of new creeds quite as much as old. Thus his best passage is an answer to the Einstein school of Mr. Langdon-Davies, which denies reason but refers us to the Higher Mathematics. Mr. West very sensibly asks why man should be trusted as a mathematician, if he cannot be trusted as a logician. That is reasonable, but it is not a defence of reason; it merely means abandoning algebra along with reason. The whole book consists of cutting away the common foundations of thought in this fashion. And then he is *Calling All Countries*! What on earth is he going to say to them?

I will add one word. This curious 'Post-War Credo' has one commandment. He does say, he does shout, we might say he does yell, that there must be No War. About that he is urgent, insistent, passionately practical. I should very much like to know how he proposes to impress it upon all countries, when he has renounced any religion that could preach peace by authority, and any reason that could prove peace by argument. Reason and religion are at least common languages, in which men can converse. Mr. West falls back more and more on being 'subjective'; that is, in the intellectual sense, selfish. That is, he likes peace when somebody else likes war; just as Mr. Ezra Pound likes Catullus when somebody else likes Virgil. But he cannot impose his view, because authority has gone; and he cannot prove his view, because reason has gone. So again it all comes back to taste. And I have enjoyed the banquet of these excellent books; but it leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Desert and Forest. By L. M. Nesbitt. Cape. 12s. 6d.

HE WHO KNOWS HIS DANGER, is afraid and yet goes on is the really brave man. The author of *Desert and Forest* and his two companions were well aware of the risks they would run but they had determined to explore the Danakil desert and allowed no obstacle to turn them until their objective had been reached. They crossed the desert from south to north over country that had never before been seen by Europeans, for the sinister reason that three previous expeditions that had attempted to enter this inhospitable tract had never come back; they had been completely wiped out by the ferocious Danakil tribesmen. Mr. Nesbitt has written an eloquent description of his exploration, of the country seen and of the tribal customs, and brings the picture of privations endured, chiefly from scarcity of water, of the heart-breaking anxieties and hair-breadth escapes when the three men were at the mercy of the savage tribes, vividly before us, and in more than one precarious situation the reader finds relief in the fact that he knows beforehand that the explorers did eventually escape with their lives.

The tale begins with the arrival of Mr. Nesbitt on the Sudan frontier, and his journey by caravan through Wallega to Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, in 1928. In the capital the three travellers met by chance and the plot was hatched. They crept away like conspirators without official sanction for the expedition, as they thought, and probably thought rightly, that permission would be refused. The absence of the Government's blessing added to their difficulties in the early stages of their journey. They started from the Hawash Railway Station on the Jibuti to Addis Ababa railway and followed the course of the Hawash river, which was known to disappear mysteriously in the desert some 200 miles down stream. They had to make an occasional detour away from the river, to avoid being massacred, and they finally left the Hawash at its big bend eastward and did not see its end. They then continued north across barren desert where water is found in water-holes known only to the Danakil, who guard their secret jealously. It was here that all their resourcefulness was called for to keep going at all, and it was the intervention of Allah the Merciful at most critical moments, as their servant remarked, that allowed the three weary travellers to reach civilisation once more. The heat in some of the depressions passed through, sunk as much as 300 feet below sea level, was intense, but it is doubtful whether the temperatures recorded as up to 168° Fahrenheit will be credited by those experienced in desert conditions in hot countries; nor will the clamour attributed to snakes and described as a sound which seemed to pierce through all other noises be easily accepted by naturalists without further confirmation, as most snakes are believed to be voiceless with the exception of a low hiss.

The finding and mapping of a range of active volcanoes is one of the important contributions made to science by the expedition. The volume contains a good map of the route compiled by the Royal Geographical Society from Mr. Nesbitt's compass traverses, combined with the work of other explorers.

Contemporary Mind. By J. W. N. Sullivan Humphrey Toulmin. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Sullivan's volume contains, in addition to his own essays, succinct and interesting reports of a number of interviews with eminent scientists and writers. In the course of one of them, Mr. Wells, asked by Mr. Sullivan whether science was not becoming more and more metaphysical, said: 'Perhaps it is. But I am not in sympathy with that movement'. This remark, worthy to take its place beside the Victorian 'We are not amused', is typical of an attitude. Mr. Wells, like many other admirers of nineteenth-century science, is a materialist of the school of Hobbes: he believes that the concepts of science, atoms, protons, fields of force, stand for realities and can be made to represent adequately all that can be known for certain. 'I think that philosophy and theology will ultimately be given up. They will be replaced by science, which is a legitimate field of study for our essentially practical minds'. This view is not the view of the scientists themselves. The scientist today cannot say, as Newton said, 'It seems probable to me, that God in the Beginning form'd Matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable Particles'. The theory does not account for all the

facts: no theory accounts for *all* the facts. Consequently, for the modern scientist, a theory (including the concepts in terms of which it is stated) is, as Sir J. J. Thomson has said, a policy and not a creed. The scientist regards metaphysics as a critique of scientific concepts. When the scientist fails in his attempt to describe and to predict observations in terms of existing conceptions, he turns to metaphysics to see whether his observations could not be handled more readily in other terms. Today, as is shown by Mr. Sullivan's interviews with Sir Arthur Eddington, Sir James Jeans, Professor Planck and Professor Schrödinger, the apparent contradictions in his science are forcing the physicist to contemplate some such revision.

It is futile, in such circumstances, to tell the scientist to mind his own business. For the moment, metaphysics *is* his business, and Mr. Sullivan gives a very lucid exposition of the present problems. For this work he is exceptionally qualified; he has not only a technical knowledge of the mathematical sciences; but also a sound historical knowledge of his subject and a sympathetic and enlightened understanding of those aspects of human experience of which science takes no cognisance. He knows, as any competent student of the history of science knows, that there is nothing novel in Sir James Jeans' suggestion that the universe may be the creation of a mathematician—it is the view of Kepler and all Pythagoreans. For Mr. Sullivan the problems of evil, of mysticism, and of human immortality are real problems, whose force he not only understands, but also feels. In discussing psychical research, and the evidence for human survival, he is humane enough to feel the horror of Professor Broad's theory of a psychic factor, 'something that is not itself a mind, but which can survive physical death and, in conjunction with a living physical brain, form a temporary mind', but he is honest enough to recognise it as a satisfactory minimum hypothesis to account for the observed facts of psychic research. It may be said that Mr. Sullivan's book gives only a limited view of the Contemporary Mind, but it serves to show both implicitly, and, in the essay on Clerk Maxwell, explicitly, that the discipline of the mathematical sciences does not necessarily, though applicable only to a limited range of experience, lead to a denial of the value of experience of a very different kind.

The Civilisations of the East

Vol. III—China; Vol. IV—Japan

By René Grousset. Hamish Hamilton. 25s. each.

The title of this series (the first two volumes of which have already been reviewed appreciatively in *THE LISTENER*) is a little too vague; the books deal primarily with the history of art in the East, and other considerations, religious or philosophic, are only introduced to throw light on the main theme. Of this M. Grousset, who is Director of the Musée Cernuschi in Paris, and Honorary Director of the Musée Guimet, is a brilliant exponent. It might be possible to criticise some of his facts in a spirit of exact pedantry, but in general the history of Oriental art which he provides is masterly in its scope, and fully conversant with all recent archaeological discoveries. It is quite the best introduction to the subject available for the general reader. The third volume traces the formation of the Chinese æsthetic ideal from its origins in the prehistoric period, describing precisely and vividly the characteristics of the various dynasties, down to the period of the Six Dynasties. This is followed by an account of the influence of Buddhism in China, and its profound effect on the art of the Wei and T'ang periods. We then see the definitive establishment of the Chinese canon of art during the Sung and Yüan periods, and, after this splendid maturity, the inevitable decline into dilettantism and academicism.

The importance of the history of Chinese art is that we see in it, on a vast but continuous and coherent scale, the complete rise and fall of an artistic culture. The history of art in Europe has been too incoherent, too checkered with influences and cross-currents, too impure in many ways, to make the basis of a philosophy of art. It is true that the more one learns of Chinese art, the more complicated its history becomes; but there is a main stream, which is more than one can say for Europe, with its irreconcilable Gothic and Mediterranean ideals, and its continual tendency to confuse æsthetic and ethical aims. Chinese art is rarely an art for art's sake, in the usual sense of that phrase; but the content it expresses is never logical or discursive

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thought. At the very origin of the peculiar art of China—in the Chou period—M. Grousset finds ‘an ideal of art of an immanent and potential order, consisting in a sense of the mystery diffused through things and of latent cosmic forces’, and it is this ideal which distinguishes the Chinese æsthetic ideal from those of all other civilisations. Even in such comparatively intellectual types as T’ang poetry and Sung painting, we cannot say that the art expresses anything more definite than a ‘universal essence’. To this quality, to a conception of nature as animated by an immanent force, Chinese art always returns to its greatest periods. From that conception it was from time to time seduced by religious or academic dogmatism, and in the end it was to succumb entirely to the death that inevitably follows academic formulation. But when most true to its ideal it is the greatest type of art the world has ever seen, and M. Grousset is to be congratulated for bringing out so clearly the fundamental characteristics of each period and phase.

The Japanese volume is comparatively lighter in content; Japanese art, we are made to feel, is not such a solemn affair. M. Grousset is inclined to attribute the difference to Japan’s geographical situation: ‘Japanese insularity has created the individual qualities of the Japanese character: untrammelled activity, a readiness to take the initiative, a happy mixture of tenacity and pliancy, a sense of personality and of honour’; and M. Grousset goes to Greece for a parallel. It is surely obvious that he might have found one much nearer home—in England, that is to say, whose geographical situation is precisely similar to that of Japan, and whose artistic history shows a similar development. Even the general characterisation of Japanese art as ‘fancy brought within the limits of good taste’, which is true enough of Japan, is also truer of English art than of Greek. The way in which Japanese art reacted to Buddhism provides an interesting contrast with China; to the latter it came merely as an enrichment or stimulus to an established literary and artistic tradition. In Japan, on the contrary, it came to a people culturally young, and infinitely more receptive. But not to a passive people. Buddhism could not destroy the spontaneity, the lyricism, the individualism of the Japanese artist. The invading religion had to adapt itself to the national ethos; for once Buddhist art, which in every other land was collective and ‘monistic’, ‘became in Japan an individualist art, both in the strongly personal stamp impressed upon it by the artist and in the intense personality of the work itself’. In other words, just as Japan converted the renunciatory and anti-vital character of Indian Buddhism into a religion of joyful acceptance, so it converted the universalism or absolutism of the Chinese canon of art into an art which is essentially humanistic and intimate. Japanese art is so little understood in this country, and is represented by such inferior specimens in our national museums, that the publication of this volume is particularly welcome. Like the volume devoted to China, and the other volumes in the series, it is profusely illustrated, the illustrations being extremely well chosen, but sometimes badly smudged in the printing.

Artists in Uniform. By Max Eastman Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

This is the most complete full-length account of the position of writers in the Soviet Union to be published in England. It is of great interest to everyone concerned with the future of left-wing literature, because the influence of the Artists’ International extends far beyond Russia, and is particularly strong in the United States. In order to bring his thesis home to his countrymen, Mr. Eastman starts off with an account of the humiliating relations of the American Communist magazines, *Left* and *New Masses* with the headquarters of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, and the snubs administered to American writers from Moscow. The account of the Kharkov Congress, in which minor bureaucrats of the Soviet Government informed awed foreign writers that ‘Artistic creation is to be systematised, organised, collectivised, and carried out according to the plans of a central staff like any other soldierly work’, is amusing enough, but it is not so amusing to read in the next chapter of the effect of this bureaucracy on living Russian writers. Mr. Eastman first describes the circumstances of the suicides of Yesselin, Maiakovsky, and several other poets. It may be true that it was part of the faulty ‘individualism’ of these writers, which made it impossible for them in any case to adapt themselves to the revolution. Far more serious is the case of Zamyatin, whose novel *We* was not published in the Soviet, but a copy of which was pirated in a Prague émigré

magazine: this misfortune was used as a frame-up against Zamyatin, and he is compelled to live in exile. Romanov, who is well known in England for his novel, *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, was so unfortunate as to receive a favourable review in the London *New Statesman* in which the reviewer remarked that it was a mystery that Romanov’s books should be allowed to appear in Soviet Russia. The mystery did not cease, but Romanov was compelled to recant publicly. Another writer Pilnyak, on being charged with counter-revolutionary tendencies, managed to make an art of humiliating himself and begging for Marxist instruction and has become one of the most prosperous writers in the Union.

The notorious writers’ union known as RAPP was responsible for the majority of these persecutions, and has now ceased to exist. Mr. Eastman’s indictment may therefore seem irrelevant, because the government which ‘liquidated’ RAPP certainly would not defend its past actions. But he holds that matters are now little if at all better, and that RAPP was only dissolved because its destructive function was completely performed. The next few years will show whether this accusation is just. Meanwhile Mr. Eastman’s charges should be carefully considered: it is not enough to dismiss them by explaining that he has quarrelled with his former colleagues of *New Masses*, and that he is an ardent Trotskyist. It is absurd too to dismiss Mr. Eastman, if his charges are just, as a ‘counter-revolutionary’: for the persecution of writers was no part of the doctrine of Lenin.

The Sea Apprentice

By Captain C. Fenton. Philip Allan. 2s. 6d.

A book with this title cannot escape comparison with that classic of the half-deck, Captain David Bone’s *The Brassboulder*. *The Brassboulder* was something very much more than an assembly of the experiences of a boy’s first voyage in sail; it had those extra qualities of evocation and power of language which made it literature. The reader who had no particular taste for sea-books could relish it, as he could relish Conrad’s *Youth* or Dana’s *Two Years Before the Mast*. Captain Fenton’s book is not of their kind. It is more documentary, more of a compilation from log-book and diary. Yet of its own kind it is entirely admirable. Captain Fenton’s modest object is to give a first-hand account of the life of a sea apprentice thirty years ago, and he achieves it by putting together a large number of the episodes which occurred during his first two deep-sea voyages in the full-rigged ship *Maréchal Suchet*. He went to sea at the tender age of fourteen, and came successfully through the most intensive kind of education that was ever devised. On the whole, he approves of that rigorous school; but some of its features seem no less brutal to him now than they did thirty years ago. There was, for example, the captain’s barbarous manner of teaching a boy not to fall asleep during the watch: a lesson which consisted of throwing a bucket of water over him and sending him aloft for two or three hours. An alternative technique was to press the red-hot bowl of his pipe against the tip of the sleeper’s nose. Captain Fenton endured all the privations of a Cape Horner; the bitter struggles against remorseless westerly gales, the meagre rations of ‘pound and pint’, the long-drawn-out misery of wet bunks and hard labour. Yet he found as much to delight his young heart—the company of queer and fascinating shipmates, the strange yarns in the dog-watch, the thrill of stowing a royal, the escapades in foreign ports, the gradual mastery of a complex craft. This collection of memories neither extenuates nor sentimentalises; and in its pleasant discursive fashion it gives a reliable picture of the vanished days of sail. It is one of the best of recent additions to the ‘Nautilus Library’, which goes on with its good work of providing cheap and authoritative books about ships and seamen.

Natural Law and the Theory of Society, 1500–1800

By Otto Gierke. Translated and Introduced by Ernest Barker. Cambridge. 2 vols. 30s.

German scholarship is rather under a cloud in this country just now; indeed it has never been what it was, since the War. Professor Barker is therefore all the more to be congratulated for his courage in undertaking so large a work of translation and commentary, at so unfavourable a time. The great Maitland, a greater man than Gierke, translated a section of Gierke’s monumental work *Das Deutsche Genossenschaftsrecht* under the title *Political Theories of the Middle Ages*; and in its English

form, with Maitland's brilliant introduction and notes, it has become a classic, indispensable to the full study of political theory. Professor Barker has now followed this up with a translation from later sections of Gierke's great work, dealing with theories of Natural Law from 1500-1800, during the period when they were dominant in European thought about the nature of society. As Gierke himself finely says: 'The natural-law theory of the State was a guide to all the political efforts and struggles from which the modern State proceeds. It is true that speculation was also affected by action, and that every development of the world of thought in this period was an echo and reverberation of historical events. But the relation of the natural-law theory of the State to the actual process of history was never purely passive'. And he goes on to make a very just statement of the relation between theory and historical movements, and a claim for the historical method in thought. Gierke was an historian of thought, rather than an original thinker himself. As a lawyer, he was a thorough Germanist, and declared that the aim of his historical writing was 'to penetrate the new code (*i.e.*, of German law) with a Germanistic spirit; to develop its Germanic content upon a historical basis; to foster the growth of its Germanism in the future'. All this was a reflection of the triumph of the Bismarckian State in the nineteenth century and helped to cut Germany off from the sources of European civilisation in western thought.

Professor Barker has included a most penetrating and prophetic essay of Troeltsch, in which the latter analysed the root-causes of the contrast between western and German thought, in which he described the latter, in comparison, as 'new and modern . . . inchoate—uncorroborated by the process of world-history—undigested in theory'. It is most striking to find Troeltsch, as far back as 1920, realising the scission between the civilisation of Western Europe and the new trends in Germany based, as he says, 'on the ideas of the Romantic Counter-Revolution'.

The translation is excellent: Professor Barker has succeeded in turning Gierke into English, a most unlikely and difficult achievement.

Gertrude Jekyll. A Memoir by Francis Jekyll Cape. 10s. 6d.

It is usual to think of Miss Jekyll as quite simply a great gardener, but she was at once something more and something less than this, for she was an artist who made gardening the medium for an artistry which—for some reason that we shall never know and which does not concern us—failed to find a free expression in the fine arts. She was not one of the encyclopædic savants of horticulture, for the eclecticism of the artist imposed certain limits upon her range of interest; but she was supremely thorough and intolerant of all but first-hand knowledge and so she is always an authority upon the merits and behaviour in the garden of the plants she liked.

Mr. Francis Jekyll, in his preface, tends to apologise for writing a memoir of one who left so many and such admirable memorials, but his work will, it is to be hoped, introduce Gertrude Jekyll to a wider audience than even the large world of gardening which has hitherto almost appropriated her, for our debt to her lies not so much in the gardens which she designed and the plants which she taught us to appreciate, as in her vision of the external world, which she enabled us to share by the artistry of a prose style whose merits have, perhaps, not yet been fully appreciated. She possessed in a very high degree that fineness of sensory perception which is part of the equipment of the artist, and from her books we learn to see new beauty in familiar things. But this acuity was not blandly focused upon æsthetic values, and there are tantalising glimpses in these memoirs of a certain 'sardonic faculty of observation' and a mordant wit; the Miss Jekyll who said 'forgive us our Christmases as we forgive those who Christmas against us' had a seeing eye for other things than herbaceous borders. As an artist Miss Jekyll was individualistic and strictly logical, even in her inconsistencies, and if she wrote that 'no artificial planting can equal that of Nature' we must realise that 'Nature' here means that part of it which she knew and cared for, and, in particular, that warm sandy corner of Surrey in which she lived, whose qualities infuse her artistry like a native idiom. And if the visitor to her garden was surprised to find a box tree sculptured into the form of a gigantic cat, he must understand that it was treated in this not strictly naturalistic way because Miss Jekyll was, as she was logically bound to be, extremely fond of cats.

Mr. Francis Jekyll has done his work so well that one begins to feel that he occupies the ideal relationship of biographer to subject, for he was near enough to have an intimate and sympathetic understanding without being overwhelmed by family piety, and his book, which will be read by all gardeners, will appeal also to everyone who can appreciate the finely drawn picture of a great artist and a great character.

What Marx Really Meant. By G. D. H. Cole Gollancz. 5s.

English scholarship has been dilatory in recognising the value of the writings of Marx. A contemptuous shrug at Marxian economics and a brusque repudiation of the materialist conception of history have sufficed, until recent years, for the academic discussion of Marxism. Now things have changed. The young are reading Marx, or books about his theories, and the adventurous are seeking political dynamics in his difficult pages. Mr. Cole's book, which is among the best of his recent works, is not intended, as its title seems to suggest, to add one more to the many introductions to Marxism. Its aim is to disentangle the living from the dead in Marxian teaching. The two-and-twenty jarring sects will not agree that there is any dead wood in the Marxian canon and that Lenin plus Stalin anyhow have done all the re-stating that the passage of time may have rendered necessary. It does no good to recommend anything less than the inspired books to them. To others, who still believe in the open-minded and critical pursuit of scientific truth, Mr. Cole's volume may be recommended most cordially. It throws into most readable and scholarly form the results of recent inquiry and reflection in the fields of political and economic theory and sociology. It has the particular merit of making available the garnered results of Marxian criticism in other countries, where the Marxian ideology has been less neglected than here. It stresses usefully the changes in social structure and class alignment, particularly the growth of the *petite bourgeoisie*, which Marx did not foresee, and which, whatever the Marxists may say in their polemics, does modify the urgency of Marxian analysis and Marxian prophecy. Its sections are of uneven value. The desperate attempt to get the Marxian theory of value straightened out will perhaps disappoint others besides avowed devotees. But it is a thoroughly good and an extremely useful book, all the same, and it will prove of high value not only to the students of Marx, but to all who want to grapple with the confusions and contradictions of the present day, whether they be those of thought or of political and economic behaviour.

The English Borstal System. By S. Barman P. S. King. 12s.

'A Borstal Institution is a training school for adolescent offenders, based on educational principles, pursuing educational methods. To be sent there is a punishment, for the training involves a very considerable loss of liberty, but to stay there is to have a chance to learn the right way of life, and to develop the good there is in each'. These are the final sentences of the introduction to this book, and the reader when he has finished the volume will be convinced that these statements are true. The time is ripe for an authoritative account of a system that has often been held up to ridicule by the ignorant, and it is an advantage that the author should be an intelligent and critical outside observer like Mr. S. Barman. He gives a most detailed account of the Institutions, including the buildings, staffs and inmates. His descriptions of the dietary, the daily routine, the educational and recreational activities are most illuminating. He proves that punishment and reform are not antagonistic, and shows that the principle of individualisation is the fundamental basis of the Borstal system. He asserts that its success 'depends largely upon the accuracy and completeness with which the results of the historical, medical and psychological methods of individualisation are recorded'. That the author has read widely can be gathered from his lucid discussion of the principles underlying the reformatory penal system, his explanation of the law relating to it, and his analysis of the problem of adolescence. His chapter on 'The Girl Offender' gives a clear analytic examination of the various factors that distinguish the female offender from the male. The work of the Borstal Association, which is responsible for the supervision and after-care of the inmates after release, is well and fully explained. There is an introduction by Mr. Alexander Paterson, H.M. Commissioner of Prisons for England and Wales.